

Harry Wu on China's Gulag • Roger Scruton on Loyalty • Elliott Abrams on Clinton Diplomacy

NATIONAL REVIEW

The Ugly European

Anti-Americanism,
Folly & Decay in
the New Europe

DAVID PRYCE-JONES
MARK STEYN
ROB LONG

PLUS:

Arianna Huffington on Monica
Dick Morris on Stephanopoulos
Robert D. Novak on Isikoff
Philip Weiss on Broadrick



8XNCHYG AUTO ***** 5-DIGIT 94301
#94301UZZ5558Y003# 092799
88 NTRY 531 P0129
RON UNZ
555 BRYANT ST # 371
PALO ALTO CA 94301-1704

R. GINN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

www.nationalreview.com

Alvin Ailey®
American Dance
Theater at 40

I

Alvin Ailey and Edward Franklin v. Andrew Eccles

© 1999 Philip Morris Management Corp.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater points the way, with all the energy and excitement of modern dance at its best. Once a small group of dancers in New York, Ailey has exploded into an internationally-renowned company that's one of America's greatest cultural ambassadors. And wherever they go, they bring the power of dance with them, providing hope and inspiration to an estimated 19 million people in 68 countries over the past four decades.

as revelation

This year, Alvin Ailey bounds across America on their 40th anniversary tour. Taking the stage in over 20 communities large and small — from Utica, New York to Washington, D.C. to Madison, Wisconsin to Sacramento, California and beyond — they bring with them new dreams and revelations to places where the power of dance is rarely seen. Philip Morris Companies Inc. supports Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater as we embark on our fifth decade of arts support — an ongoing commitment to visionary individuals and pioneering organizations who enhance the quality of our world.

For information on performances
in your area, call: (212) 767-0590 x150
or visit the Alvin Ailey website:
www.alvinailey.org

Supporting the spirit of innovation.

PHILIP MORRIS COMPANIES INC.

KRAFT FOODS, INC. MILLER BREWING COMPANY PHILIP MORRIS CAPITAL CORPORATION

PHILIP MORRIS INTERNATIONAL INC. PHILIP MORRIS U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NATIONAL REVIEW

APRIL 5, 1999 VOL. LI, NO. 6

ARTICLES

- 15 No Joke *by Ramesh Ponnuru*
How Dan Quayle plans to win.
- 16 Slow Burn *by Philip Weiss*
The Broaddrick case takes its toll.
- 20 Hapless Abroad *by Elliott Abrams*
The weakness of Clintonian diplomacy.
- 24 The Other Gulag *by Harry Wu*
China's forgotten prison empire.
- 26 Equal Time *by Kate O'Beirne*
The return of a loony idea.
- 29 Hard Cell *by John J. Miller*
The push to experiment on human embryos.
- 31 Campus Crackdown *by Naomi Schaefer*
P. C. college administrators get something right.
- 34 Bananas Are the Beginning *by David Pryce-Jones*
The looming war between America and Europe.
- 37 United They'll Fall *by Mark Steyn*
A grand project doomed to fail.
- 42 The French Connection *by Rob Long*
Are we really becoming more like the French?
- 43 On Loyalty *by Roger Scruton*
The uses and abuses of a complicated virtue.

Cover art by Roman Genn

BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

- Girl Trouble—*Arianna Huffington, page 50*
Monica's Story, *by Andrew Morton*
- Bad St. George—*Dick Morris, page 51*
All Too Human, *by George Stephanopoulos*
- Unspiked—*Robert D. Novak, page 52*
Uncovering Clinton, *by Michael Isikoff*
- Progress Report—*Richard Brookhiser, page 54*
My Pilgrim's Progress, *by George W. S. Trow*
- Travel: True Crime—*David Klinghoffer revisits the*
Manson murders, page 56
- Music: André, Anyone?—*Jay Nordlinger considers*
Previn at 70, page 57
- Film: Of Gangs and Bands—*John Simon on*
Analyze This and The Harmonists, page 59

SECTIONS

- 4 Letters
- 6 For the Record
- 9 The Week
- 47 Letter from Al
- 48 Help!
- 62 On the Right
- 64 The Misanthrope's Corner

WORLD WIDE WEB

<http://www.nationalreview.com>

NATIONAL REVIEW (ISSN: 0028-0038) is published bi-weekly, except for the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 215 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Periodicals postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices. ©National Review, Inc., 1999. Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc., to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 215 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc., to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, P.O. Box 668, Mount Morris, Ill. 61054-0668; phone, 815-734-1232, Monday-Friday, 7:30 A.M. to 10:30 P.M. Eastern time. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile. Direct classified advertising inquiries to: Classifieds Dept., National Review, 215 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016 or call 212-679-7330. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, P.O. Box 668, Mount Morris, Ill. 61054-0668. Printed in the U.S.A.

RATES: \$59.00 a year (25 issues). Add \$21.50 for Canada and other foreign subscriptions, per year. (All payments in U.S. currency.) The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage or, better, a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

POWERFUL ON POLITICS

SPECIAL
BRIT HUME
REPORT

Fair & Balanced with Brit Hume

6 PM (ET)
WEEKNIGHTS

THE MOST
POWERFUL
NAME IN NEWS

24-Hour Cable News

FOX
NEWS
channel

We report. You decide.

NATIONAL REVIEW

April 5 issue; printed March 17

EDITOR

Richard Lowry

Senior Editors

Linda Bridges / Richard Brookhiser
Priscilla L. Buckley / Jeffrey Hart
David Klinghoffer / Peter W. Rodman

Managing Editor Jay Nordlinger
Washington Editor Kate O'Beirne
Articles Editor Ramesh Ponnuru
Executive Editor Matthew Carolan
National Political Reporter John J. Miller
Art Director Luba Kolomytseva
Associate Editor Christopher Rapp
Executive Secretary Frances Bronson
Assistant to Mr. Buckley Tony Savage
Proofreader Julie Crane

Editorial Associates

Patricia B. Bozell / Kate Dwyer
Kathryn Jean Lopez / James Panero
Jane Buckley Smith

Research Director Dorothy McCartney

Librarian John J. Virtes

Research Assistant Russell Jenkins

Editorial Assistant

Naomi Schaefer

Contributing Editors

Elliott Abrams / Hadley Arkes
Tom Bethell / Robert H. Bork / Peter Brimelow
Eliot A. Cohen / Brian Crozier / John Derbyshire
W. H. von Dreele / Andrew Ferguson
Neal B. Freeman / David Gelernter
Jonah Goldberg / John Hillen / Florence King
Lawrence Kudlow / Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn
Anthony Lejeune / Mark R. Levin
Rob Long / Allan H. Meltzer / Stephen Moore
Richard John Neuhaus / Matthew Scully
John Simon / Ralph de Toledano
Ernest van den Haag / Vin Weber
Timothy J. Wheeler

PRESIDENT

Thomas L. Rhodes

EDITORS-AT-LARGE

Wm. F. Buckley Jr. / John O'Sullivan

Contributors

Digby Anderson / Aram Bakshian Jr.
Baloo / James Bowman / David Brudnoy
Richard C. Carpenter / Donald Cox
John R. Coyne Jr. / Dinesh D'Souza
John Dizard / M. Stanton Evans
Chester E. Finn Jr. / James Gardner
Roman Genn / George Gilder
Victor Gold / Charles R. Kesler
James Jackson Kilpatrick / Jan Lukas
D. Keith Mano / Charles Burton Marshall
Forrest McDonald / Thomas Molnar
Joe Mysak / Michael Novak
Alan Reynolds / Paul Craig Roberts
Selden Rodman / William A. Rusher
Radek Sikorski / Tracy Lee Simmons
Terry Teachout / S. L. Varnado
Taki Theodoracopulos / Chilton Williamson Jr.

Associate Publisher Jack Fowler
Assistant to the Publisher Kevin Longstreet
Assistant to the President Barbara Nowack
Chief Financial Officer James X. Kilbridge
Accounting Manager Galina Veygman
Treasurer Rose Flynn DeMato

Business Services

Alex Batey / Vicki Manca
Irina Dynkevich

Circulation Director Theresa Maloney

Circulation Manager Jason Ng

WORLD WIDE WEB <http://www.nationalreview.com>

MAIN NUMBER 212-679-7330

SUBSCRIPTION INQUIRIES 815-734-1232

WASHINGTON OFFICE 202-543-9226

ADVERTISING SALES 212-679-7330

Advertising Director Scott F. Budd

Advertising Manager Todd Westover

Account Representative Kerin Coyle

Detroit Rep. Joseph J. Colucci 248-626-9918

PUBLISHER

Edward A. Capano

■ LETTERS ■

GORE'S UTOPIA

I am writing to express my appreciation of Adam Wolfson's fine critique of Vice President Gore's book, *Earth in the Balance* ("Apocalypse Gore," March 8). My hometown is also home to thousands of Cambodian immigrants who are assimilating into American society splendidly. Perhaps some of them should be asked to review the book, as they have firsthand experience of the effects of radical, utopian, collectivist policies which most of us could not imagine.

Paul Godreau
Lowell, Mass.

How ironic that a conservative magazine should denounce Al Gore ("Apocalypse Gore," March 8) for proposing that our nation conserve not freedom or family values, but something at least as precious—the morally and physically vital environmental legacy that our descendants may well despise us for destroying if Mr. Gore's (and others') advice goes unheeded.

But if "extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice," then Mr. Gore has done nothing wrong. His *cri de cœur* may indeed be overdone, but guarding our liberty to dwell amid the life-sustaining beauty of God's primordial gift surely deserves no less than extreme dedication.

Richard Porter
Southampton, N.Y.

LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION

"Clinton's Retirement" ("The Week," Feb. 22) states that "a theoretically immortal entity like the federal government can safely carry vast amounts of debt as long as it can service it." Seems to me that the cost of servicing the debt is a form of transfer payment: It takes funds from the general taxpayer and gives them to the kind of investor who is content with a fairly good, but very safe return. More serious, however, is the temptation to pay off the debt with cheaper money: the temptation to inflate the currency. I have yet to see a government that could resist that temptation.

Charles H. Chandler
Lexington, Mass.

DEPENDING ON RACE

Kudos to Jay Nordlinger for his trenchant article on Bill Clinton's race-baiting, especially during *l'affaire Lewinsky* ("The Race Ace," March 8). That so many black leaders play along with Clinton's charade demonstrates how stuck they are on the liberal Democratic plantation.

There is a kind of perverse genius in the cultivating of generations of dependents. Small wonder that Democrats maintained a majority in both houses for so long. But to clear thinkers, modern liberalism will ever be marked as the politics of codependence.

Rick Medlin
San Diego, Calif.

TURKEY'S OTHER PROBLEMS

David Pryce-Jones ("Turkey's New Day," March 8) asserts that "Europeans . . . are racists and bigots who refuse to admit the Turks simply because they are Muslims." While this may well be the case for a few conservatives in the European Parliament, it is not the reason that a majority currently opposes membership for Turkey in the European Union.

Pryce-Jones covers in some detail one of the major reasons given by Europeans for Turkey's failure to qualify as yet for membership—human-rights violations, especially against Kurds. He is silent, however, as to another reason—Turkey's military occupation of 37 percent of Cyprus in violation of international laws and a number of U.N. resolutions as well.

If Turkey is as convinced, as she pretends to be, that racism is the reason for her exclusion from EU membership, she should call the European bluff by complying with U.N. resolutions to remove her occupation force from Cyprus, and by ending human-rights violations at home. The recent capture of PKK leader Ocalan by Turkish officials offers the country an excellent opportunity to resolve her Kurdish problem by ending cultural repression of Kurds—which is all that a majority of them really wants anyway. Turkey's friends should insist that Turkey seize that opportunity.

Anne Rice
Great Falls, Va.

THANKS TO PHILLIPS, WEARY TRAVELERS
WILL ALWAYS HAVE A PLACE TO STOP AND REFUEL.



By donating a former plant site to the Cactus Playa Lake Project, Phillips Petroleum helped expand and protect the habitat of hundreds of thousands of migratory birds. The project resulted from the cooperative effort of Phillips, wildlife and conservation agencies and the

community of Cactus, Texas. Now bald eagles, waterfowl and dozens of other bird species have a better place to rest along the Central Flyway. It's yet another example of what it means to be The Performance Company.

PHILLIPS PETROLEUM COMPANY



For a copy of our annual report, call 918-661-3700, write to: Phillips Annual Report, B. H. Adams Bldg., Bartlesville, OK 74003 or visit us at www.phillips.com

■ FOR THE RECORD ■

■ At party honoring Interior Department's 150th birthday, President **Clinton** continues to dignify his office. "Sometimes I feel like the fire hydrant looking at a pack of dogs," he said. "For six years I have declined to tell these kind of jokes, because I have been told repeatedly it is not presidential. But I feel kind of outdoorsy today." . . . **George Stephanopoulos** on Clinton, in *Newsweek*: "Knowing what we know now, I don't think he'd be fit enough to be elected." . . . Arkansas lawmakers reject \$500,000 proposal to renovate Clinton's boyhood home in Hope. Plan would have funded theater, computer room, boardroom, gift-shop expansion, and director's-office relocation. No word on adding "windowless corridor" to site. . . . Sign on I-30 announcing Hope as Clinton's birthplace is regularly used for target practice and riddled with holes, reports *USA Today*.

■ Asked on CNN why Democrats should nominate him over **Bill Bradley**, Vice President **Gore** responds: "During my service in the United States Congress, I took the initiative in creating the Internet." Actually, the Internet began in 1969 as outgrowth of Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency. . . . Sen. **Fred Thompson** (R., Tenn.) says **George W. Bush** has "charisma" but is "untested." . . . **Lamar Alexander** on his famous plaid shirt: "You'll see it again, but not when I announce. People knew the shirt better than my message last time." . . . **Dan Quayle** wins endorsement from Sen. **Spencer Abraham** (R., Mich.), his former deputy chief of staff. . . . Shortly after *New York Times* reports that Clinton vows to defeat Rep. **Jay Dickey** (R., Ark.) next year, Gov. Bush headlines \$1,000-per-couple fundraiser for Dickey in Dallas. . . . Bush receives direct-mail letter from Gore: "To win in 2000, I need you by my side," it reads. Gore-Bush 2000?

■ Rep. **David McIntosh** (R.) ponders bid for Indiana governor. . . . Historian **Doris Kearns Goodwin** scheduled to speak at bipartisan "civility retreat" in Hershey, Pa., for members of Congress. One problem: Goodwin doesn't know much about civility. On **Don Imus** radio

program, Goodwin blasted Sen. **Phil Gramm** for opposing censure: "Let him filibuster. Maybe his fat body will get a little thinner if he filibusters. . . . He's just nuts. He's completely wrong on the history, he's wrong on the politics, and I just wish he'd shut up." . . . Democrats complain about receiving only 30 percent of House committee budgets, but that's more than the 24 percent Republicans got when Democrats controlled chamber. . . . Associated Press poll: 50 percent of Americans prefer a 10 percent tax cut, 44 percent would like specified tax credits. . . . House votes to boost number of Peace Corps volunteers from 6,700 to 10,000.

■ Sen. **Connie Mack** (R., Fla.), shortlisted by **Bob Dole** in 1996 for vice-presidential slot, announces retirement. . . .



Sen. **Robert Torricelli** (N.J.), head of Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee, says he will target eight GOP incumbents in 2000: **Spencer Abraham** (Mich.), **John Ashcroft** (Mo.), **Conrad Burns** (Mont.), **Mike DeWine** (Ohio), **Slade Gorton** (Wash.), **James Jeffords** (Vt.), **Jon Kyl** (Ariz.), and **Rick Santorum** (Penn.).

■ In its annual *Pig Book*, Citizens Against Government Waste identifies \$12 billion in congressional pork-barrel spending for fiscal year 1999. Sen. **Barbara Mikulski** (D., Md.) wins "Chicken You-Know-What Award" for \$225,000 demonstration project to determine whether poultry litter can generate electricity. . . . Federal court approves Landmark Legal Foundation request to force release of IRS documents "to determine whether the costly and time-consuming audits of conservative and libertarian groups have been political-

ly motivated." . . . Federal search-and-rescue efforts cost \$383 million last year, including \$130,275 to aid millionaire hot-air balloonists **Richard Branson** and **Steve Fossett** in December. . . . Former New York senator **Alfonse D'Amato** named *George* magazine's "Dear Abby," dispensing political advice in new monthly column.

■ University of Wisconsin-Madison speech code to keep professors from presenting offensive material to students is scrapped by faculty-senate vote. . . . **Jesse Jackson** announces plan to open Silicon Valley office. . . . Pro-abortion activists celebrate "National Day of Appreciation for Abortion Providers." . . . Crayola announces it will change name of indian red crayon to avoid misunderstandings about color's origin, which comes from reddish-brown pigment found in India. Only twice before has Crayola changed crayon names: Prussian blue became midnight blue in 1958, and flesh became peach in 1962.

■ Chinese demographic report notes that 10 percent of girls born under one-child policy are "missing." . . . Russian prime minister **Yevgeni Primakov** calls for "strategic triangle" between Russia, China, and India. . . . Animal Liberation Front eco-terrorists launch coordinated attack on several McDonald's outlets and other fast-food chains in Belgium. . . . Dunkin' Donuts and Pizza Hut close Moscow franchises owing to poor economy. . . . In St. Petersburg, 400 gather to form "Thatcherites of Russia" political party. . . . Arab Israeli wins Miss Israel contest. . . . Cats living in India's parliament will be sterilized after two of them frolicked in front of president during annual televised opening address.

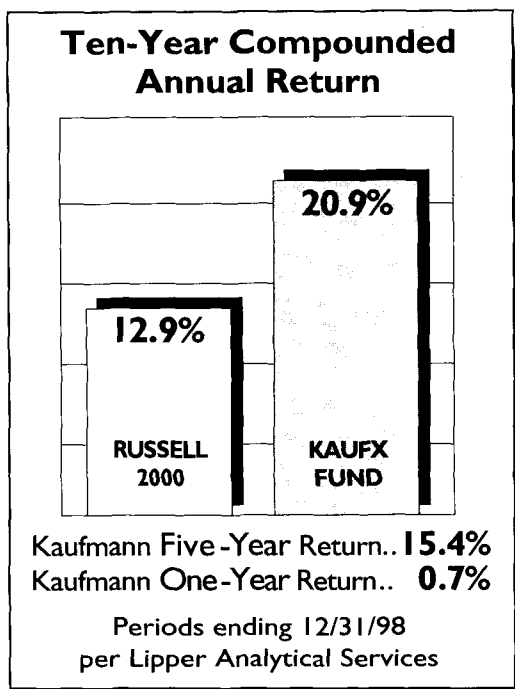
■ Conservatives make fat women depressed, claim University of Michigan researchers. "We found that having a conservative ideology, or just being exposed to that viewpoint, has a negative effect on the self-esteem and mood of women who believe they're overweight," say **Jennifer Crockett** and **Diane M. Quinn**. No word yet on whether liberalism damages self-esteem of women suffering from anorexia or malnutrition. **NR**

The Kaufmann Fund[®]

A Small Company Aggressive Growth Fund

#1 Small Company Fund for the Ten Years Ending 12/31/98

*Out of 70 equity funds for the period of 12/31/88 - 12/31/98, per Lipper Analytical Services**



"Tough Guys Finish FIRST"

— *Mutual Funds Magazine*



Auriana and Utsch, Portfolio Co-managers
combine over 65 years of Wall Street experience

"One of the Best Funds for Retirement"

— *Fortune's Retirement Guide*

For a prospectus call:

(800) 666-9233

24 hours per day, 7 days a week



* 5-year rank 50 out of 211 funds, 1-year 254 out of 638 funds, per Lipper Analytical Services, period ending 12/31/98.

Returns for periods shown are historical and include change in share price, reinvestment of dividends and capital gains. There is a 0.2% redemption fee (not reflected in returns) and a 12b-1 fee in excess of 0.25%. The Russell 2000 Index consists of 2,000 small and mid-cap, publicly traded companies. For more complete information including charges, expenses, and risks on small-cap stocks please read the prospectus carefully before you invest. The performance cited represents past performance which is not indicative of future results; investment performance fluctuates; fund shares when redeemed may be worth more or less than original cost. The prices of small company stocks are generally more volatile than those of large companies.

The Kaufmann Fund, Inc.

140 East 45th Street, New York, NY 10017 • Fax (212) 661-2266

Internet - <http://www.kaufmann.com> Prodigy - Jump Kaufmann AOL - Keyword: Kaufmann

And now, everyone knows:

A leading national university...
one of the best values among all national universities...
a leader in educational technology...
one of the leading character-building schools...

And now, everyone knows.



AWARD WINNING DUQUESNE

U N I V E R S I T Y

Where education is for the Mind, the Heart and the Soul.

1-877-DU-QUESNE or www.du.edu
Duquesne University, 600 Forbes Avenue, Pittsburgh, PA 15282

Mc Anulty College and
Graduate School of
Liberal Arts

Bayer School of Natural &
Environmental Sciences

A.J. Palumbo School of
Business Administration

Mylan School of
Pharmacy

Rangos School of
Health Sciences

School of Nursing

School of Education

School of Music

School of Law

Division of
Continuing Education

THE WEEK

■ Pat Buchanan vows that his first act on taking the oath of office will be to turn to Bill Clinton and read him his Miranda rights. Next the New World Order comes crashing down.

■ Amid the ethical rubble of the Clinton administration, liberal moralists are holding up one small stone for scorn: the offense done to Clinton by George Stephanopoulos in his new book *All Too Human* (for Dick Morris's review, turn to page 51). This is the same inverted morality that deemed Linda Tripp the archvillain of last year's play, never mind Monica Lewinsky's request that she commit a felony; the same morality that deemed Sidney Blumenthal's smearing of Lewinsky less objectionable than Christopher Hitchens's telling the truth about it. (Christopher Snitchens, Maureen Dowd charmingly dubbed him.) It is the morality of the cover-up: Stephanopoulos, too, has shirked his duty to keep silent about the character of the Clinton White House.

■ Some liberals, however, in the wake of Clinton's escape from conviction, feel free to hammer him. *Time*'s Margaret Carlson speculates that the bombing of Iraq may have been caused by an adulterous testosterone rush. Thomas Friedman of the *New York Times* writes that Monica treated "the hot line as something you use for phone sex. And so did her boss." Richard Cohen in the *Washington Post* invokes George Washington to judge the Juanita Broaddrick story: "With Clinton, if there's a cherry tree down, we know who did it." These pundits march alongside a parade of repentant ex-Clinton aides and flacks, stretching back to Dee Dee Myers. Such performances call for a deep explanation. How about this? Supporting Clinton is such a stressful experience—the exterior, so seductive; the reality, so loathsome; the denials, so taxing—that once the pressure is off, an explosion ensues. Look, there's Stephanopoulos: *Thar she blows!*

■ Republicans are promising to protect Social Security by taking it "off budget." Henceforth there will be two sets of books: one recording the surplus of payroll taxes over Social Security payouts, and the other recording the balance of all the government's other operations. This move is supposed to make it easier to restrain spending (since the non-Social Security budget will show a deficit, or at least a smaller surplus than the total budget does) and to cut taxes (since it will be clear that the cuts are not coming from Social Security). Fine. But Republicans must guard against accepting, and thus promoting, the mythology of the "Social Security trust fund": the

notion that savings are somewhere accumulating that can prevent the program's looming fiscal catastrophe. A tactical pirouette must not be allowed to become a strategic retreat.

■ If "the era of big government" is over, why is President Clinton still trying to expand budget-busting entitlement programs? The latest gambit: getting Medicare to cover prescription drugs. Government surveys show that neither the availability nor the price of prescription drugs is a worry for the vast majority of the elderly. Most of them already have coverage outside of Medicare. To solve this non-problem, Democrats propose a \$40 billion-a-year program—and price controls, which would substantially reduce drug companies' incentive to do research and development. This demand has caused the collapse of a bipartisan Medicare panel headed by Democratic senator John Breaux; none of Clinton's appointees was willing to support Breaux's plan to inject choice and competition into the program through, in effect, vouchers. Now Breaux is offering a smaller package of subsidies and mandates for prescription drugs as part of his broader plan. This deal should be rejected. Entitlement reform will have to wait for a president who takes his words and responsibilities seriously.

■ After a Defense Department commission led by former senator Nancy Kassebaum Baker unanimously recommended in 1997 that the services separate the sexes in basic training, Congress appointed another commission to study the matter. Thanks to the efforts of Indiana Republican Steve Buyer, chairman of the House Subcommittee on Military Personnel, the new commission was stacked with feminists. It has now predictably concluded that co-ed basic training should continue, in a report that ignores not only the Baker commission's research but its own. One commissioner who abstained from the recommendations—Charles Moskos, the nation's preeminent sociologist of the military—noted the "overwhelming consensus among trainers that something is seriously flawed in gender-integrated training." Problems include high injury and dropout rates for women trainees, sexual distractions, and physical double standards. Let's hope our military foes in the future are as sensitive to feminist sensibilities as Rep. Buyer.

■ Princeton professor John DiIulio has long argued that building prisons is a wise investment, the increase in public safety more than justifying the costs. Now he writes, in the *Wall Street Journal*, that increased incarceration is partly responsible for recent drops in crime—but that with 1.8 mil-

GORE SOLDIERS ON

*Al has a little shadow that
Goes in and out with him;
It's with him on a sunny day,
And when the light grows dim
It bugs him like the focus groups
That haunt his early polls
As Liddy pulls while nagging George
Tugs at his buttonholes.*

—W. H. VON DREELE



lion Americans in jail, “the nation has ‘maxed out’ on the public-safety value of incarceration.” A major reason? “Current laws put too many nonviolent drug offenders in prison.” While DiIulio does not question the War on Drugs, he argues for the repeal of laws mandating long sentences for minor drug offenses and the release of prisoners who have been convicted solely of drug crimes. He offers suggestions for reducing crime without increasing the prison population, e.g., supervising felons on probation or parole more strictly. But as DiIulio notes, nothing can substitute for an effort to address the real “root causes” of crime, especially the epidemic of fatherlessness—now afflicting 40 percent of children—that remains America’s number-one social problem.

■ It should have surprised no one that a hearing officer on March 9 threw out 15 of the 16 mob charges brought against Arthur Coia, president of the Laborers’ International Union of North America, and merely fined him for the remaining one. The union had, after all, been allowed to investigate itself under an unprecedented agreement with the Clinton Justice Department. It was a shady deal from the start: Coia has given \$1.2 million to the Democrats over the last two years, Clinton and Coia have swapped golf clubs, and Hillary Clinton spoke at a 1995 LIUNA convention even after the Justice Department urged her to avoid it because of the union’s evident mob ties. If the decision is appealed, it goes to W. Neil Eggleston, who was Clinton’s lead lawyer on his executive-privilege claims last year and also represents Labor secretary Alexis Herman and White House lawyers Cheryl Mills and Dimitri Nionakis. We’re sure Coia is sweating.

■ Congress narrowly defeated a Republican attempt to bar the deployment of troops to Kosovo. The defeat was a victory for the prerogative of the executive branch to conduct foreign policy. The narrowness of the defeat, however, was a warning to an administration that still shows no inclination to use decisive force—i.e., air strikes—to make Slobodan Milosevic accept a peace agreement (an administration, moreover, that

insisted that Congress not even debate its policy). If Clinton agrees to send troops to enforce an unworkable deal, Republicans will face a hard choice. Unable to set a better policy themselves, will they instead sabotage a bad one? Pulling the plug would encourage Euro-enthusiasts’ dreams of a “separate defense identity,” and on the most anti-American terms possible. Republicans need to stop demanding that the administration have an “exit strategy”—superpowers should be able to go the distance—and start demanding a strategy for success.

■ The Israeli election campaign had seemed fairly promising. Prime Minister Netanyahu and Labor’s Ehud Barak, the country’s most decorated soldier, are the leading candidates. A new “Center” party is represented by former general Yitzhak Mordechai, the first Sephardi to run for Israel’s top office. The problem is, Barak has foolishly stated that, as prime minister, he would pull out of Lebanon within a year. Many Israelis, tired of endless casualty lists, want out. But Syria is watching the Israeli debate closely. Surely Barak has compromised his country’s negotiating position. If elected, how will he achieve decent terms for withdrawal as the magic date approaches? Barak, a former armed-forces chief of staff, should have known better. If elected, he will pay the price for his ploy—as will all Israelis.

■ Ford Motor Company unveiled the Excursion—which, weighing in at 4 tons, almost 19 feet long, lumbering down a freeway near you at 10 miles per gallon, is the most titanic sport-utility vehicle ever constructed. This has inspired some environmental carping. The Sierra Club offers a slogan: “Ford Valdez: Have you driven a tanker lately?” Says Daniel Becker, director of the club’s global-warming and energy program, “These are heavily polluting, gas-guzzling vehicles that can only bring a smile to Saddam Hussein’s face.” Meanwhile, safety types fret that, in a collision with a regular car, the Excursion will simply crush the other vehicle and everyone in it. Yes. On the bright side, though, the Excursion and its passengers will be untouched, as is the spirit of American exuberance which the Excursion so marvelously represents.

■ The new Jackson Pollack stamp depicts the abstract artist at work, but his signature cigarette has been airbrushed out of the picture. The Postal Service has also posthumously yanked cigarettes from the mouths and hands of bluesman Robert Johnson, playwright Thornton Wilder, and even rebel-without-a-cause James Dean. Otherwise, “there could be people out there who could say that the Postal Service is endorsing smoking,” explains a spokesman for the agency. There could also be those who call this propaganda. Presumably, the whole purpose of putting Pollack himself on the stamp rather than just one of his paintings was to get a peek at the man behind the art. Apparently, though, they didn’t want the whole man—just the part the surgeon general would approve of.

■ Billy Jack Gaither, a gay man who lived in Sylacauga,



75 years old.

Just took up *surfing*.



"My son gave me a computer three years ago. I do everything on it—stay in touch with friends all over the world, manage my investments... I'm even tracing my genealogy. I'm in a seniors computer group, and we just shipped 110 computers to North Africa, to set up a bulletin board for hospitals there. We're always doing something..."

Technology is enriching the lives of millions of American seniors like Isaac Franklin. From e-mailing grandkids, to gathering the latest medical information, to providing alternative employment, personal computers are helping seniors like Isaac stay vitally connected to the world around them.

By listening and responding to all our customers, we're creating innovative, affordable products to meet their needs. Seniors can use our software to customize their computers with larger on-screen print and simpler keyboard mechanics. On our Web sites, they can find news and programs tailored to them. At Microsoft®, we're providing the tools to help people of all ages do more amazing things.



Microsoft®

Where do you want to go today?®

www.microsoft.com/presspass

© 1999 Microsoft Corporation. All rights reserved. Microsoft and "Where do you want to go today?" are either registered trademarks or trademarks of Microsoft Corporation in the United States and/or other countries.

Alabama, was killed and burned by a pair of thugs. The national media were quick to note that homosexuality is not a protected category under Alabama's hate-crime laws. Should the victim have moved to New York City, whose hate-crime legislation encompasses every minority under the sun, despite which members of minorities are murdered there every year? The way to fight hate crime is to fight crime. Men who are properly punished for the bad deed of murder will not have further opportunity to think bad thoughts.

■ Stanley Kubrick, who died at age 70, was a master for a mannerist age. If you wanted a visually and aurally arresting take on a malevolent past, or future, he was your man. Computers, thugs, Jack Nicholson chewing scenery—he did them to a turn. All he lacked was humanity.

CHINA

Overengaged

FOR years China's nuclear program was a generation behind the American standard. Then, in 1995, U.S. analysts concluded that the Chinese were testing miniaturized warheads almost as advanced as ours. They were ours: The Chinese had a spy at Los Alamos. When the CIA learned of the leak, its chief spy-hunter said, "This is going to be just as bad as the Rosenbergs."

Not politically, not if the Clinton administration can help it. Because the relevant information was stolen in the 1980s, the Clintonites have been blaming their Republican predecessors. But the discovery came on Clinton's watch, four years ago. Every president must deal with problems not of his own making; if he deals with them badly, the problems become his. Different agencies passed this discovery around like an inconvenient intern. Congress was not informed until late last year.

In the meantime, the administration's de facto response was to make it easier for American companies to sell China militarily sensitive technology. The Clintonites angrily dismiss William Safire when he asks whether there is any connection between America's laxity and Clinton's 1996 Asian fund-raising. But the blot of the spy story is deepened by the stain of Clinton's dishonesty. Who can believe this team, and this man, about anything? At the very least, Clinton's China policy consistently erred on the side of commerce rather than security.

And on the side of sentimentality. In the intervals between Chinese threats to Taiwan, Japan, and Los Angeles, Clinton calls China our "strategic partner"; he visited Beijing with the enthusiasm of Nixon meeting Mao, or of Commodore Perry opening Japan.

Washington has to restore balance to a China policy that has been dominated by the bottom line and naïveté. Congress has taken some useful steps by moving the power to license questionable sales from Commerce to State, and by making the government, not the self-interested companies, responsible for

checking whether foreign governments can use transferred technology for dangerous ends. The United States should ignore Chinese threats and deploy theater-missile defense, particularly for Japan, Taiwan, and South Korea. And China should on no account be granted membership in the World Trade Organization until it initiates structural reforms that would give it a freer economy.

The proper stance towards China is vigilant engagement, but the vigilance must be real. If the Clinton administration can't find any adults in its ranks, it should try to fake it for the two years remaining to it.

CAMPAIGN 2000

Bush League

GEORGE W. BUSH has yet to announce that he's running for president. But that hasn't stopped half the Republican governors, seven senators, 86 congressmen, and scores of state legislators from endorsing him. This parade of notables is meant to overwhelm anyone considering support for one of Bush's rivals. The stronger impression, however, is of a party desperate for a savior and afraid of competition. RNC chairman Jim Nicholson's dusting off of Reagan's "Eleventh Commandment"—Thou shalt not speak ill of another Republican—has been interpreted as a way of protecting Bush. But the man who challenged a sitting Republican president in 1976 sought to preclude cheap shots, not debates about the future of the country. And the GOP ought to make sure that George W. can survive the rigors of a campaign before placing all its bets on him.

He has already made his first stumble. Answering a reporter's question at the unveiling of his exploratory committee, he said that abortion should be "rare" and that while the GOP should have a "pro-life tenor," America "is not ready to ban abortions." Trying to explain himself in a later AP interview, he said, "America is not ready to overturn *Roe v. Wade* because America's hearts are not right. And so, in the meantime, instead of arguing over *Roe v. Wade*, what we ought to do is promote policies that reduce abortions"—such as parental consent and a ban on partial-birth abortion—"until America's hearts change."

Much of this is defensible on the merits: Nobody believes a Human Life Amendment is going to pass soon. The trouble is the overall, well, tenor of the remarks. Overturning *Roe* ought to be a priority for *anyone* concerned with constitutional soundness, not just for pro-lifers. And if Bush's ultimate goal is that every child be welcomed in life and protected in law, he ought to make that clearer—and social conservatives ought to give him the opportunity to do so. As it is, his remarks smack of the same defensiveness evident in his buzzphrase "compassionate conservatism."

The candidate just behind Bush in the polls, Elizabeth Dole, could capitalize on Bush's misstep. But *Newsweek* reports that she intends to say that she is "personally pro-life" (which means

she's glad she personally wasn't aborted?) and wants to discourage abortion, but does not favor a Human Life Amendment. Given that she lacks much of a policy record, this repudiation of the Republican platform would send a signal to conservatives about her intentions generally.

If Gov. Bush decides to tailor his policies and his rhetoric to curry media favor, he's going to have a long campaign. And if Mrs. Dole does the same, she's going to have a short one.

THE COURT

Harry Blackmun, R.I.P.

SUPREME COURT JUSTICE HARRY BLACKMUN, the author of *Roe v. Wade*, died on March 4, 1999.

He began as a single-cell human zygote containing 46 chromosomes. He was, from conception, genetically unique and distinct from his parents. Although initially very tiny, and conceived in a condition of dependency, the Harry Blackmun who lived for more than 90 years was, from the very beginning, a separate human organism—a human being—who under the proper circumstances would direct his own continuous development from embryo to fetus to neonate to child to 23-year-old law student to 25-year-old lawyer to 50-year-old appeals-court judge to Supreme Court justice, all the way to his death. Even in the zygotic and embryonic stages of his existence, Blackmun was no mere “undifferentiated mass of cells.” Still less was he an “appendage” or “part of his mother’s body.” On the contrary, he was a new and whole member of the species *Homo sapiens* whose unity, distinctness, and identity would remain intact through the successive stages of his development. For someone to have cut short his life at any of these stages would have been to kill a human being—and not in any merely abstract sense: It would have been to kill the particular, unitary, determinate being who was Harry Blackmun.

But, one may ask, was the prenatal Harry Blackmun a *person*? There is no plausible definition of personhood according to which a person is something other than a whole living member of the species *Homo sapiens*. To suppose that he came to being as a nonperson and then at some point (at, say, viability, birth, or some months after birth when he began to have self-awareness) *became* a person is to imagine that persons merely inhabit their bodies. That they are “ghosts in machines.” But persons, whatever else they may be, *are* living human bodies; to destroy a living human body at any stage of its existence is to kill the person who, whatever else he or she may be, is that body.

In his zeal to create a national right to abortion, Harry Blackmun feigned a profound uncertainty about prenatal life. In *Roe*, he cited a lack of consensus among “those trained in medicine, philosophy, and theology” as to “when life begins.” He doubted whether it was possible “at this point in the development of man’s knowledge to resolve [that] difficult question.” None of this uncertainty, however, seemed to give him a moment’s doubt about his own authority to sweep away the

nation’s abortion laws in defiance of the considered judgments of the people and their elected representatives. Nor did it stop him from declaring in *Roe* that the offspring of human beings prior to birth are mere “potential life.” From that fundamental error followed all the pro-abortion dogmas that Blackmun secured his place in history by writing into our constitutional law.

The tragedy of Harry Blackmun, who had been appointed to the Supreme Court by Richard Nixon as a strict constructionist and a law-and-order judge, was that he sinned gravely against the very Constitution in whose name he purported to act. If the Constitution implies anything at all pertinent to abortion (and many distinguished jurists, including Antonin Scalia and Robert Bork, insist that it does not), the equal-protection clause of the Fourteenth Amendment would seem to require states to extend legal protection to the unborn. Blackmun, however, relying on grossly inaccurate legal history and, even then, drawing from it the most dubious inferences, concluded that the due-process clause of that same amendment forbids states from providing any meaningful protection against deliberate feticide.

For his efforts in behalf of abortion, Blackmun was lionized by the moral-cultural Left. As one would have expected, he was soon finding all sorts of other previously undreamt-of implications in the Constitution—for instance, that it prohibits the death penalty that it explicitly mentions. In place of the Constitution, he substituted his own conscience. Unfortunately, it wasn’t up to the task.

OBITUARY

Joe DiMaggio, R.I.P.

AROUND the time of Pearl Harbor, every American knew two things: Joe Louis was the heavyweight champion of the world, and when he hit a challenger the man stayed hit; and Joe DiMaggio could do everything on the baseball field. “If you saw him play,” wrote the sportswriter Jimmy Cannon, “you’ll never forget him. No one ran with such unhurried grace. His gifts as an athlete were marvelous because they were subdued. Here was an outfielder who followed a fly ball with a deft serenity as though his progress had been plotted by a choreographer concerned only with the defeat of awkwardness.” After losing to the Yankees, the Giants’ manager Bill Terry remarked about DiMaggio, “I’d always heard that one player could make a difference between a losing team and a winner, and I never believed it. Now I know it’s true.”

The DiMaggio Yankees were an electrifying team. The 1939 squad lays claim to being the best ever, a benchmark to which the 1998 Yankees were compared. People complained that rooting for the Yankees was like rooting for U.S. Steel. There were cries of “Break up the Yankees,” but perfection is exciting, and DiMaggio, especially, was a perfectionist. When he fell short of his own standards of performance, he reacted with cold fury. Ernest Hemingway paid tribute to him in *The Old*

Man and the Sea (1951) when the old fisherman, Santiago, a baseball fan, discusses the current season with the boy Manolin. "The Yankees cannot lose," Santiago says. Manolin fears "the Indians of Cleveland." But Santiago knows better: "Have faith in the Yankees, my son. Think of the great DiMaggio."

He always communicated a sense of Olympian dignity. He was a champion with a reserved style in a game that was often raucous and rowdy. The traditional Yankee pinstripes suited him perfectly. Off the field, he favored conservatively tailored, dark double-breasted suits, and was even named one of the ten best-dressed men in America. It was in such a suit that he received on May 27, 1940—at the New York World's Fair—the Golden Laurel as Athlete of the Year.

DiMaggio had come a long way from San Francisco's North Beach, one of the nine children of a fisherman who had emigrated from Sicily in 1898. As a boy he rejected the life of a fisherman, the smells and the waves making him ill. Later on, he enjoyed his 40-foot yacht, but only on calm days. He came up through the Boys' Club League, and after hitting .398 in 1935

for the San Francisco Seals he was purchased by the Yankees. From there to the history books.

The Simon and Garfunkel lyric "Where have you gone, Joe DiMaggio?" depends for its success on the national agreement that DiMaggio embodied something special, not only on the baseball field, but in his era, and in American life then as well. He was unambiguously a hero. He knew it, but hated publicity and was intensely private. From our distance today, DiMaggio's time seems a simpler, clearer one. What was right and wrong was not subject to as much discussion. The public recognized stinkers and scoundrels when they saw them.

Then came the war. On Sunday, December 7, 1941, DiMaggio and some friends were in the stands watching a professional football game. When the PA system announced the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, DiMaggio exclaimed, "Those little guys must be crazy!" From that moment on, everything was always a little crazier.

When DiMaggio died on March 8, Tommy Lasorda, the Dodgers' old manager, summed it up: "If you said to God, 'Create someone who was what a baseball player should be,' God would have created Joe DiMaggio. And He did."

■ NOTES & ASIDES ■

■ Dear Editors: Please beg, cajole, entice, or simply do whatever works to get Mr. Buckley to run against Hillary. Thank you.

John G. McCarthy
Traverse City, Mich.

Dear Mr. McCarthy: Okay. Will you supply an appropriate intern?

Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Bill: In a dark world, please, a chink of light! In 2000 Hillary will become a U.S. senator. By 2004—2008 at the latest—she will be president. Question: Is Bill Clinton then to be entitled *First Gentleman*? Well, stranger things have happened . . . or have they?

One to ponder, over the mercies of a double scotch.

Sincerely,
Robert H. Smith, Capt. USN (Ret.)
Reston, Va.

Dear Bob: Yes, that would do a lot for the liquor business, maybe even for the drug business, maybe even for the anesthesia business.

Cordially, Bill

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: Recalling the great 1960 hubbub surrounding the

feasibility of electing a president who'd "presumably" be under the influence of the Pope, don't you find it delightful that Missouri governor Mel Carnahan would pardon a death-row inmate at the eyeball-to-eyeball request of John Paul II? Carnahan, a Southern Baptist deacon once dubbed "that redneck from Rolla" by a St. Louis Catholic political opponent, was surely motivated by something other than politics: The decision's bound to hobble him in his upcoming bid for the Senate against incumbent John Ashcroft. (Cries of "Unfair! Unfair!" have already been raised.)

Sincerely,
Sylvia Swain Rummel
Fulton, Mo.

Dear Miss Rummel: But what Governor Carnahan did is in a royal tradition, granting the visiting nabob the one thing he asks for, one of your horses, one of your concubines, one of your prisoners. The thing to watch is the succession of death-house fortunes. If the line is permanently interrupted, we sit up and take notice.

Cordially, WFB

■ Memo to: Christopher Buckley
Re: "The Highest Crime" (Feb. 8)

I have not made a habit of reading many NR articles. They have usually been too dry and a little too highbrow for my taste. However, I really got a kick out of this article and the new look of the magazine.

Coming from your father's generation, Christopher, I judge that you have inherited a considerable portion of his talent, and maybe acquired a good bit on your own.

But I would like to point out a word in your article that doesn't quite ring true with what we learned: "... hurled the first handfuls of mud at Clarence Thomas . . ." The way I learned it was "handsful" or, better yet, just "handful."

As to the liberal use of French words throughout the article, some of us studied more mundane subjects such as algebra, geometry, trigonometry, calculus, etc. One of the few French words I learned was *touché*.

Anyhow, keep the good stuff coming.

A. E. Nus
Hendersonville, NC

Dear Mr. Nus: "Handfuls" is, in fact, perfectly correct. And by the way: Daddy said I could play with words until I was . . . 50.

Cordially, CB
—WFB

No Joke

Dan Quayle runs to win.

RAMESH PONNURU

DAN QUAYLE will win the Republican nomination and then beat Al Gore for the presidency in 2000. Just ask him. "I have no doubt that I'll be the nominee. I have no doubt. I'm very confident of that," he told me when I visited his nondescript headquarters in Phoenix. What will Quayle do if by some freak accident he doesn't win? "I haven't even given it any thought and refuse to do so." As far as I can tell, he really believes he will be our next president. I returned to his office a few hours after our interview, as Quayle was leaving. He asked for the latest news on Kosovo, expressed his disdain for administration policy there, and added—in all seriousness—"That's going to be a real mess when we get in in 2001."

Perhaps auditioning for the role of leader of the sole remaining superpower requires a certain unrealistic self-confidence. That is especially the case if you are a Republican not named George W. Bush, to whom party officials are flocking with unseemly haste. And it is even more the case if your name is J. Danforth Quayle.

By rights, Quayle should be the conservatives' top candidate. He is the only movement conservative in the race who has held elective office—and high office, at that. He has nearly impeccable conservative credentials on economic, moral, and foreign-policy issues. True, social-conservative activists fault him for campaigning for the reelection of Christine Todd Whitman, their most vicious enemy within the GOP. (He says that he tried to change her mind on partial-birth abortion and that her opponent was no better on the issue; when she zinged conservatives recently, he criticized her comments in print without naming her.)

But consider the record. Conservatives are making the tax code's "marriage penalty" a top issue today;



Quayle was trying to repeal it 20 years ago. His first bill as a congressman, a 1977 measure applying term limits to his colleagues and to judges, would still be on the cutting edge of conservatism today. In March 1977, he became a co-sponsor of the Human Life Amendment. In 1982, he proposed a simplifying, two-rate tax reform. On defense, he was to the right of the Reagan administration. Last year, he called for Clinton's resignation and removal early. "This administration is really the most arrogant and corrupt administration certainly in my lifetime," he says, and he promises it will be an issue next year. (Shouldn't other Republican leaders—like Gov. Bush—have said the same things? "One would think so.")

And Quayle has good political instincts. He advised President Bush not to raise taxes in 1990 and got him to admit in 1992 that the tax hike had been a mistake. He urged Bush to seek con-

gressional approval before going to war with Iraq. He pushed the Clarence Thomas nomination. And Bush's reelection campaign would have been even more pathetic without the issues and themes—family values, tort reform, deregulation—developed in Quayle's well-staffed office.

Quayle beat Gore in debate, highlighting Gore's environmental extremism and Clinton's untrustworthiness, as some accounts at the time acknowledged. Last October, he said that abandoning tax cuts was a mistake, a point many congressional Republicans now concede. Quayle wouldn't be too timid to raise issues—such as race and the environment, two Gore vulnerabilities—that frighten more establishmentarian Republicans. "You're dealing with someone who uses polls the right way: to make sure voters hear your message the right way," says Quayle pollster Kellyanne Fitzpatrick.

Quayle has only one problem. Unfortunately, it may be insurmountable. In an age of ethnic "sensitivity," Quayle has taken the place of the "dumb Pole" in the stand-up comedian's repertoire. Reporters and political consultants, geniuses all, snicker at him. (The *Washington Post*, in a shot it would never take at anyone else, just ridiculed Quayle because of a trivial mistake on his campaign website—no doubt personally designed by Quayle.) As a result of all this, he is viewed by many as a shallow half-wit who has gotten as far as he has by having a good family, good looks, and good luck. And even people who don't share that view think it too prevalent for Quayle to succeed—and thus to be worth backing.

The image isn't fair, of course. Quayle's childhood was comfortable, but middle class; he went to public school. While *Newsweek* in 1988 reported that Quayle had more than \$50 million, his true net worth at the time was around \$859,000, most of it in his house. He's bright enough. As his former speechwriter Lisa Schiffren observes, "Nobody could be as dumb as the [caricature] of Dan Quayle and hold down a job for five days a week, even minimum wage."

So why the reputation? He didn't make a great first impression on the country. Obsessed with secrecy, Bush surprised an annoyed press corps and

unprepared campaign aides with his choice of Quayle in 1988. The boyish good looks of the candidate, then 41, didn't help. And then there was the oral dyslexia. "What a waste it is to lose one's mind or not to have a mind. How true that is," at the United Negro College Fund. There's a double standard here: Who recalls that Al Gore said "a leopard cannot change its stripes" or translated *e pluribus unum* "out of one, many"? The difference is that Quayle, a DePauw graduate, doesn't have the polish of his Ivy League peers.

But neither did Reagan, who made his share of gaffes, and his reputation was never as bad as Quayle's. The trouble is that Quayle's tone, his pitch, is off. At a Republican gathering in February 1998, he unveiled "the centerpiece of our new anti-crime plan: Three interns and you're out!" It's hard to decide which was more cringe-inducing, that he had made a comment more appropriate to his late-night tormentors or that he looked so inordinately pleased with himself when he said it. Project authority he didn't.

Quayle knows he can't shake his image by griping about its unfairness and bashing the media. He says that viability concerns will melt away when he wins a primary or two. It's a circular response to a circular argument. Aides like Fitzpatrick say Quayle will benefit from the basic fairness of the American people, just as Clinton did last year. (Then again, nobody thinks Clinton is dumb.) They also hope to make the problem an asset: Quayle can take a punch. He never flinched, never wavered in his conservatism even when it would have been highly profitable to do so. Just imagine the glowing press he would have received if he had moved left—no, make that "become more thoughtful"—during the Bush administration.

Beyond that, all Quayle can do is try to prove his seriousness through steady work. His willingness to keep talking about foreign policy, no matter what the polls say, helps. It also fits into the broader theme of his campaign, which has three parts: He will defend the security of the middle class from the taxman's threat to its finances, the culture's threat to its values, and foreigners' threats to its peace. What if this last requires ground troops in Iraq? "Let me make this observation: If I get elected

president, by the completion of my first term I am very confident that Saddam Hussein will be gone."

Quayle isn't for a "straight flat tax" because it "discriminates against the middle class." Instead he would rejigger income-tax brackets and rates so that the top rate falls from 39.6 to 28 percent and all rates fall by an average of 30 percent. He would let families save up to \$10,000 a year in "Freedom Accounts" for their home-buying, educational, health, and retirement expenses; the accounts could be supplemented with a portion of the payroll tax and would accumulate interest tax-free. Other GOP staples—repeal of the estate tax, a capital-gains tax cut—are also included. Interestingly, Quayle approaches tax policy not with the cheery optimism typical of supply-siders but with a sense of foreboding that may not find a large audience right now: "I will be a voice for the middle class, the middle majority that has been left behind."

On abortion, Quayle has gone beyond boilerplate and taken notice that the courts are striking down attempts to ban partial-birth abortion. (Of his rivals, only Gary Bauer has taken notice of this development.) His speech to the Christian Coalition last September dwelt on the need to appoint justices who will overturn these decisions—and *Roe v. Wade*. Bush's appointment of David Souter to the Supreme Court, he says, "is a classic example of how not to appoint a judge. He was a totally blank slate, he was easily confirmable, and in my administration there are going to be things worth fighting for. And conservative judges is something worth fighting for." Those last three words are the title of his forthcoming book.

Quayle's supporters say that he has nowhere to go but up and Gov. Bush nowhere but down—which isn't, strictly speaking, true. Certainly a lot of Republicans think well of Quayle and believe he doesn't deserve his clownish image. But politics requires hard-headed calculations, and many of these Republicans are betting that, fair or not, the image is staying. Does Quayle really think he can change their minds?

Those baby blues narrow for a second. "I love proving people wrong. I proved them wrong when I beat a 16-year incumbent when I was 29 years old for

Congress. I proved them wrong when I beat Birch Bayh, an 18-year incumbent, when I was only 33. I got more votes in Indiana than Ronald Reagan did. I proved everybody wrong when they said, oh, you know, George Bush is going to pick Bob Dole not Dan Quayle. And I'm going to prove people wrong this time." He draws himself up, leans back. "I love proving people wrong. That's my life, that's my habit, I've done it before, I'm going to do it again. Just watch." **NR**

■ THE SCANDAL ■

Slow Burn

Why the Broadrick case hurts Clinton.

PHILIP WEISS

PRESIDENT CLINTON's defenders say that Juanita Broadrick's allegations against him cannot be proven, are so old the statute of limitations has expired, had no bearing on impeachment, in fact now have no legal bearing whatsoever. All these things are true, and they are what is wonderful about the case.

For once, charges against the president are not subject to a legal process. Nobody is going to vote, testify, be convicted, or issue a finding, and so we will not have to endure any of those grinding tactical battles in which the president's minions are so effective. We will get no arguments from the best-trained lawyers in the land that we don't know what rape means. We will not witness the relentless stonewalling of facts that this administration specializes in, forever justifying its delay in the name of the legal process it mocks.

The Broadrick case is quite simple. It comes down to a statement about something that did or didn't happen 21 years ago. The judgment takes place in the hearts and minds of citizens, and, of those who have formed an opinion, most are said to agree with

Mr. Weiss is a columnist for the *New York Observer*.

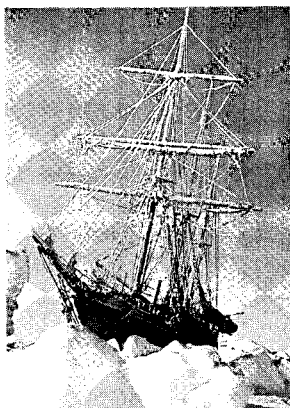
Special half-price offer

ENDURANCE

Shackleton's Incredible Voyage

*For 40 years,
the classic account
of his epic adventure*

January 1915: It's impossibly cold. An endless eerie twilight envelops the ship. Ice stretches to the horizon.



With high hopes of making the first overland crossing of Antarctica, Sir Ernest Shackleton and his crew head south in their ship *Endurance*. As they approach the frozen coast, pack ice closes in around them like a vise. The ship is slowly crushed, then sinks, marooning 28 men on ice floes in the middle of the Weddell Sea.

With no radio, 1200 miles from civilization, there is no hope of rescue. The men must save themselves or die...

So begins the astonishing story of Ernest Shackleton's escape from the Antarctic, a battle for survival which was to last nearly two years.

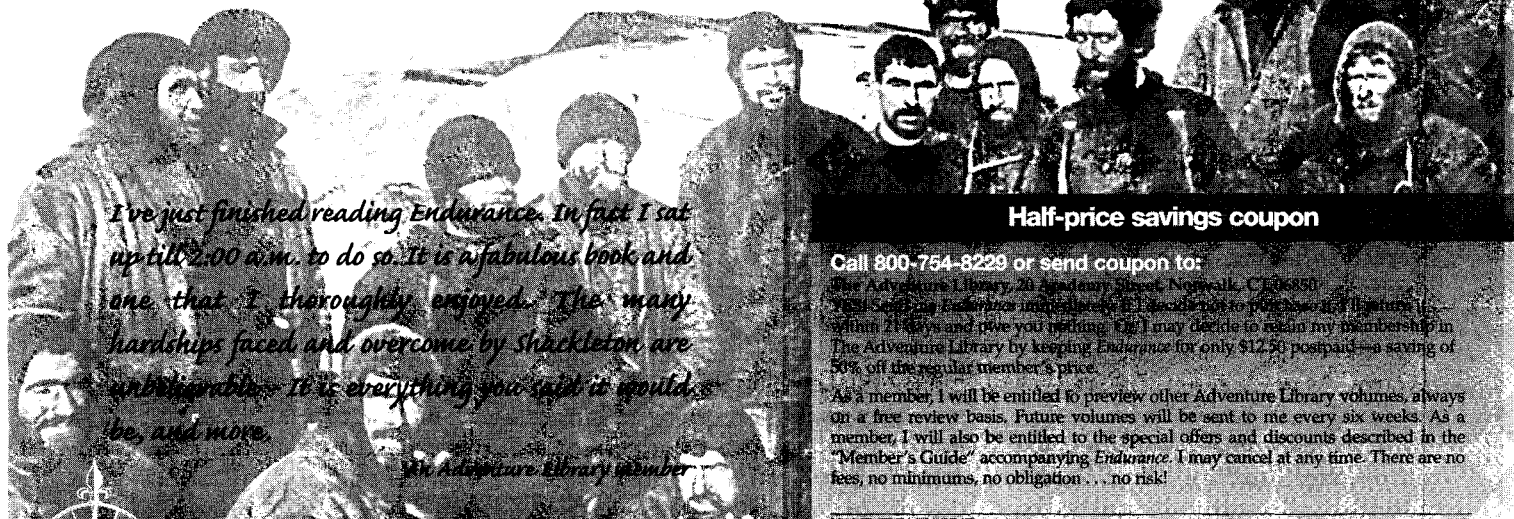
The courage, daring and fortitude of Shackleton and his men stand to this day as a monument to the human spirit. The book that tells their story—Alfred Lansing's *Endurance: Shackleton's Incredible Voyage*—has been celebrated for forty years as among the greatest narratives of human survival ever written.

Now a superb hardcover edition of *Endurance* can be yours for only \$12.50—half the usual price!—and we even pay the shipping on this special offer. This handsome volume includes a new introduction by Piers Paul Read, new endpaper maps by Victor Lazzaro, and a selection of Frank Hurley's historic photographs. And it's available ONLY from The Adventure Library.

Your half-price purchase of *Endurance* will introduce you to the benefits of membership in The Adventure Library but will *not* obligate you to buy any future volumes. It *will* entitle you to review an acclaimed series that offers—only to its members—exclusive new collectors' editions of the classics of adventure, exploration, and survival.



So order *Endurance: Shackleton's Incredible Voyage*, and find out why *The New York Times* called it "one of the greatest adventure stories of all time".



I've just finished reading Endurance. In fact I sat up till 2:00 a.m. to do so. It is a fabulous book and one that I thoroughly enjoyed. The many hardships faced and overcome by Shackleton are unbelievable. It is everything you said it would be, and more.

An Adventure Library member

Half-price savings coupon

Call 800-754-8229 or send coupon to:

The Adventure Library, 20 Academy Street, Norwalk, CT 06850

YES! Send me *Endurance* immediately. I don't need to purchase a full membership. Within 21 days and give you nothing. Or I may decide to join my membership in The Adventure Library by keeping *Endurance* for only \$12.50 postpaid—a saving of 50% off the regular member's price.

As a member, I will be entitled to preview other Adventure Library volumes, always on a free review basis. Future volumes will be sent to me every six weeks. As a member, I will also be entitled to the special offers and discounts described in the "Member's Guide" accompanying *Endurance*. I may cancel at any time. There are no fees, no minimums, no obligation... no risk!

NAME (PLEASE PRINT) _____

ADDRESS _____

APT. _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

*NY and CT residents add applicable sales tax.

Promo NRS99

©1999 The Adventure Library



THE ADVENTURE LIBRARY

20 Academy Street, Norwalk, CT 06850 800-754-8229

Photos reprinted with permission of Scott Polar Research Institute

UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

me, that Broaddrick is telling the truth.

The charges are unprovable, Clinton's defenders insist. Of course they are. This defense is ridiculous. Everyone in the administration may be a lawyer, but society is not a courtroom, and many things people believe and act upon are unprovable. We use common sense, intuition, and incomplete information to make our way as best we can. Statements by torture victims in Third World countries are unprovable. So was Anita Hill's compelling Senate testimony (which I believed demonstrated Clarence Thomas's second-rateness). When you come to the conclusion that a friend is unreliable in times of trouble or that a stock is a winner, this is not a mental process subject to proof. No one can prove that Bill Clinton is an s.o.b.—but everyone knows it.

The best defense his defenders have come up with, which reflects the thinking of the *New York Times* and many upstanding Democrats, is that this is gossip that should not be brought up in polite society. But feminists have (honorably, in my view) led our society across too many traditional lines of privacy to allow us simply to will this information away. Gossip about Robert Packwood justifiably ended his career in public office. Joyce Maynard lately wrote a whole book about an unequal private relationship from the 1970s (with the writer J. D. Salinger) that has had great resonance for those, like me, devoted to that very modern study, the exchanges of power that are inherent in sex.

Moreover, after months of actual gossip, Juanita Broaddrick came forward and proved to be a hugely persuasive witness. The White House denial of the matter has been terse and witless. Is someone's statement about the worst experience of her life, which she regarded as a crime, really the same as gossip about who is sleeping with whom?

Yet the defense has apparently been effective. As any Clinton critic can tell you, the charges seem to have very short legs. The president may well be a rapist; and no one cares! Mrs. Broaddrick's statement is almost never mentioned on network television or in the agenda-setting dailies and weeklies. She is so mar-

ginalized that only a nut would bring her up at a press conference.

Still, I'd argue that the story is taking a toll. "This thing is like a fire in a peat bog, spreading out of sight," says Lucianne Goldberg. "But every once in a while you see a puff of smoke." Here are some of the ways this story has spread and may continue to spread:

First, for all the attention given to the National Organization for Women's prevarications about Clinton's conduct, Mrs. Broaddrick's statement has dislodged a small but important segment of

■

**The Broaddrick case suggests
that Clinton's critics have
had ample, and nonpartisan,
cause to dislike him.**

■

the president's support, which I would guess to be between 5 to 10 percent of his 65 percent approval numbers. These defectors are independent liberals who tend to see Kenneth Starr as an inquisitor and are now disturbed. Katha Pollitt of *The Nation* has advised women to cease to defend the president's behavior. Stephanie Salter, a columnist for the *San Francisco Examiner* who has consistently sided with the president, wrote that Mrs. Broaddrick's claim left her with "no choice but to choose Juanita"—even if that meant being lumped with company she considers hateful, namely, Henry Hyde and the other House managers. Among my Democratic friends, almost all have ignored the case. Yet one out of five is horrified.

Second, the case has quietly helped destroy an objectionable but highly influential way of thinking during this neo-gilded age of corruption: The president is pursued by "haters." In using this sort of language to describe anyone who took strong exception to the Clintons' standards of accountability, the media adopted the First Lady and Sidney Blumenthal's paranoid view of any questions concerning Clinton ethics. By contrast, Richard Nixon's (also honorable) critics were never described in so scabrous a manner. No: Nixon was widely perceived among opinion-makers to be the problem, and

there was in his time a glory in turning up on his enemies list. The Broaddrick case suggests that the president's critics have had ample, and nonpartisan, cause to dislike him (here I speak for myself, a Clinton voter in 1992 who subsequently visited Arkansas and wanted to vomit over the depths of his corruption).

Third, by elevating the character question to a new and shocking level, the case has helped expose the bad judgment of the political establishment. For a long time, the president's defenders were able to shield him from gossipy questions about his personal life by hinting that he was at worst a Don Juan—in the *New York Times's* wonderful euphemism, a "recreational" philanderer. Everything he did was fun and consensual. Like a game of Twister. (I was one journalist who believed his private life to be just that, until I saw the non-private smearing of the Arkansas state troopers.) But Mrs. Broaddrick's story, taken together with Paula Jones's claim of Clinton's exposing himself, and Kathleen Willey's description of a mashing, leads to a whole new understanding of the president's psyche.

Lindsey Graham on the right and Richard Cohen and the *Boston Globe* on the left have all posed the same terrible question: Who is this man?

The real question is, Why weren't you informed some time ago? Again I go back to the man whose poster I happily defiled in my youth. Back in Nixon's time, any fool in the East Coast intelligentsia could tell you who he was. He was Tricky Dick. He was mean, opaque, introverted, and highly intelligent. You wouldn't want to buy a used car from him. Although, alas, the country hadn't woken up yet.

Today the bifurcation is between those on the Internet who say Clinton is sociopathic and those in the mainstream who say he has a great mind and that the voters knew about his character when they elected him, twice. And now those same deniers in the intelligentsia are dismissing the Broaddrick story as toxic waste from the right wing.

For the time being, the denial of this story has been based on belief in the divine right of kings, albeit a belief put forward in the most legalistic modern

You'll find the lowest term life rates in America at Quotesmith.com or we'll overnight you \$500. Other pleasant surprises now include instant auto, life and medical insurance quotes from 375 large, safe & well-known companies.

\$250,000 Term Life Sampler
Guaranteed Annual Premiums/Guaranteed Level Term Period
Female Premiums **Male Premiums**

Age	10 YEAR	15 YEAR	20 YEAR	25 YEAR	30 YEAR
35	\$ 120	\$ 135	\$ 165	\$ 235	\$ 235
40	\$ 153	\$ 188	\$ 200	\$ 298	\$ 300
45	\$ 200	\$ 210	\$ 265	\$ 400	\$ 415
50	\$ 260	\$ 313	\$ 400	\$ 578	\$ 608
55	\$ 385	\$ 440	\$ 600	\$ 956	\$ 1,065
60	\$ 535	\$ 690	\$ 865	\$ 3,140	\$ 3,140
65	\$ 883	\$ 1,015	\$ 1,733	\$ 4,100	\$ 4,100
70	\$1,430	\$ 1,637	\$ 3,035	\$ 5,270	\$ 7,220
75	\$2,797	\$ 4,770	\$ 6,560	\$10,370	\$10,370

Age	10 YEAR	15 YEAR	20 YEAR	25 YEAR	30 YEAR
35	\$ 138	\$ 163	\$ 198	\$ 280	\$ 300
40	\$ 185	\$ 210	\$ 260	\$ 385	\$ 383
45	\$ 260	\$ 335	\$ 395	\$ 548	\$ 585
50	\$ 378	\$ 500	\$ 600	\$ 863	\$ 915
55	\$ 568	\$ 758	\$ 865	\$ 1,805	\$ 2,810
60	\$ 908	\$ 1,130	\$ 1,365	\$ 4,100	\$ 4,100
65	\$1,530	\$ 1,845	\$ 2,923	\$ 5,270	\$ 5,270
70	\$2,665	\$ 3,539	\$ 5,405	\$ 7,370	\$10,070
75	\$4,415	\$ 7,848	\$ 9,650	\$13,640	\$13,640

"Quotesmith provides a list of all insurance companies & plans that match specific needs. The first to make available this new custom search service." - *Nation's Business*

"Quotesmith saved us time and money. I shopped from my own office and found the best deal available. I was impressed." - *Linda Picazio, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida*

"Get quotes on the spot. New source for best buys in insurance. One way to get to know the market." - *Kiplinger's Personal Finance*

"Quotesmith ranked more than 250 policies for Forbes. The premiums vary wildly." - *Forbes*

"Quotesmith keeps a database of about 350 insurance companies." - *Good Housekeeping*

"Quotesmith offers particularly thorough searches." - *Los Angeles Times*

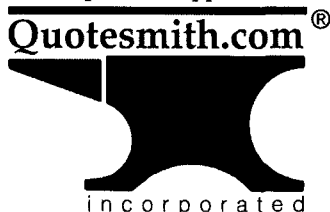
"Researching insurance companies can be confusing and tedious. To simplify the task, call Quotesmith." - *SmartMoney*

"Quotesmith will scan the insurers and provide a list of different policies suited to your needs." - *Money*

"Enter the virtual agent. This solution has value for those who value immediacy and privacy." - *U.S. News & World Report*

Quotesmith is the only Internet site on earth where you can get instant auto, life & medical insurance quotes from 375 top-rated companies. It's lightning fast, easy, informative, unbiased, private and FREE!

We give you detailed information - including underwriting requirements - and the latest claims ratings from A.M. Best, Duff & Phelps, Moody's, Standard & Poor's and Weiss Research, Inc. on every term life quote. And when you're ready, you can request an application from the company of your choice online, without having to talk to any insurance salesman!



® Avoid buying mistakes and bad advice. Use the Quotesmith high speed insurance price comparison service before you buy or renew any insurance policy. Have questions or want quotes mailed to you for free? Call us toll-free at 1-800-431-1147, 24 hrs.

Quotesmith.com

AD CODE: NR-4/99

Final premiums and coverage availability will vary depending upon age, sex, state availability, hazardous activities, personal and family health history. The non-tobacco use premiums shown above may include: Banner Life Ins. Co., Rockville, MD, form RT-97; Catholic Order of Foresters, Naperville, IL, form RTL; First Penn-Pacific Life, Hoffman Estates, IL, form BT-1002AA(2-96); Control #B98-198(3/98); Golden Rule Ins. Co., Indianapolis, IN, form GRI-L-17.1; The Midland Life Insurance Co., Columbus, OH, form T376 & T846; Old Republic Life Ins. Co., Chicago, IL, form 8-1077; National Life, Montpelier, VT, form 28-86; Protective Life Ins. Co., Birmingham, AL, form GP-06; Security-Connecticut Life, Avon, CT, form 11420; West Coast Life, San Francisco, CA, form #971137400. Rates shown are not applicable to residents of FL, NJ & NY. Policy forms vary by state. \$500 lowest price guarantee not available in SD. CA #0827712. Some premiums shown are graded premium life policies and/or term-like universal life policies. Premium rates always escalate after initial rate guarantee period.

terms. Face it: If any other respectable woman issued such a forceful statement and any other accused issued such a half-baked denial, we would justifiably form a presumption that he did it. But that simply cannot be allowed here. In throwing up its hands over the matter, the *Washington Post* editorialized that Mrs. Broadrick's story "cannot be responsibly accepted, nor easily ignored." Help me—but I don't understand what is irresponsible about accepting her accusation. In fact, given all the other information that we have about Clinton, you would be a fool not to try to integrate her statement into your understanding of who he is. So the intellectual justification in putting it aside seems to be: It's too dangerous to believe; he's the president, for goodness' sake!

I like to think that the Democrats' denial of this information will become legendary, that it will rank right up there with other Neville Chamberlain-like blindnesses, that history books will some day include the observation, "He may well have been a rapist, and yet elements of the power structure supported him exuberantly." Indeed, this reckoning may come "sooner rather than later," as the president might put it. In 22 months, or at such time as Clinton ceases to be president, people like the *Washington Post* will at last feel freer to think for themselves about who he was and what he did. Stockholm syndrome will be over.

Being an optimist, I believe that the blindness about Broadrick is so staggering that it will have the effect of destroying other articles of faith and so help to effect a reexamination of the depths of Clinton corruption—demonstrating, for instance, that there have been cover-ups (boggling the meager abilities of Ken Starr) of responsibility in the travel-office affair and the FBI-files situation, let alone of more nefarious matters, such as the suspicious bombings of Afghanistan, Sudan, and Iraq.

Indeed, one can hope that the public understanding set in motion by what one woman says was the most horrifying experience of her life will in the end raise questions about something else: one of the most horrifying ethical periods in the life of a republic.

NR

■ FOREIGN POLICY ■

Hapless Abroad

Clinton's diplomatic futility.

ELLIOTT ABRAMS

WHAT is Clintonian diplomacy? Six years into the Clinton era, we have an answer: It is an aversion to the use of American power that fuels an attraction to multilateralist slogans, powered by a combination of outmoded liberal dogmas and low domestic politics, and implemented by personnel who have made careers out of being politically correct though entirely wrong about the major issues of our day. The record of this diplomacy is abysmal.

Diplomacy is intended to advance a country's interests. And perhaps our trouble starts here: The administration's policymakers seem to believe that the advancement of "narrow" national interests is illegitimate, a primitive stage (associated with hard-line Republican administrations) that must be overcome. Thus they are happy using force only when our national interests are scarcely implicated, turning common sense on its head. They have been prepared, with rare exceptions, to turn a blind eye to the real security threat we face from China, but have been willing to send American troops all over the world on "peacekeeping" missions under U.N. or other multilateral umbrellas. This mindset is best glimpsed in the remark Vice President Gore made in 1994, when 15 American soldiers died from friendly fire over Iraq. He extended "condolences to the families of those who died in the service of the United Nations."

Mr. Abrams, an assistant secretary of state under President Reagan, is president of the Ethics and Public Policy Center.

The peace agreement in Northern Ireland, most people contend, is the greatest triumph of Clintonian diplomacy. It was a success, yes (or so it appears), but what relation has it to the national interests of the United States? Had the Irish talks failed, what important American interest would have been harmed? Once again, it is the very absence of any American interest that seems to legitimate the effort—to ennoble it—in the eyes of administration officials.

They came to office with a theory of international politics: the belief that "assertive multilateralism" could replace the atavistic practices of their predecessors, worst among them the Reaganites, with their military build-up and forthright use of American power. In that very first year, however—1993—their theory lay dead in Somalia, along with 29 American soldiers. Those soldiers had been sent there as part of a "nation-building" effort under U.N. auspices, described by Madeleine Albright as "rebuilding Somali society and promoting democracy." Calls for more armor to protect U.S. troops went unheeded, and when those troops were attacked on October 3, the results were tragic. In that same month, the administration became a laughingstock for its application of American might in Haiti. The USS *Harlan County* approached Port-au-Prince, but when a mob shouted and demonstrated at the dock, the ship turned back.

This sort of episode made the Clintonites look bad. Yet the lesson they learned was extraordinary: They did not abandon their rhetoric; nor did they keep the troops at home. Instead, they adopted a dual approach. When casualties are avoidable, they use force: They eventually sent 25,000 soldiers to Haiti, and to this day American planes bomb Iraq. But their preference is to issue strong language followed by no action. This way, they apparently think they can stick to their principles while avoiding unhappy incidents. The columnist Jim Hoagland (no right-winger) summed it up as follows: "President Clinton and his foreign-policy team have developed a distinctive style of diplomacy. . . . Their successive retreats from their own saber-rattling in

"Let me give you the secrets of **FEARLESS CONVERSATION!**"

"I promise you the ability to walk into a room full of strangers—and talk to anyone with total confidence, authority and flair."

by Leil Lowndes

Don't you hate it?

The prospect of walking into a room that's packed with strangers, approaching someone you've never met and striking up a conversation.

It's natural to feel uncomfortable. Are you making a positive first impression? Are you saying the right things?

Well, don't be discouraged. You're not alone. Many top executives, politicians and celebrities dread these situations.

Master any encounter.

These high-profile people are among my clients. Despite their wealth and fame, they often confess that meeting and talking with strangers makes them uneasy. I turn them into polished, expert conversationalists.

Never underestimate the value of conversational skills! In a recent study, Stanford University MBA graduates were surveyed. What factor predicted success? *Not* grades. Instead, *the most successful individuals were those who were comfortable and confident talking with anybody!*

When I teach people these abilities, they experience dramatic, positive changes in their lives and careers. Now I've put all of my techniques into an exciting new audio-cassette program, *Conversation Confidence*™.

Reap the rewards.

Have you ever said to yourself, "I wish I had spoken up"? Or, "If only I had introduced myself"? Or, "Did I say the wrong thing"?

Conversation Confidence is the answer. Just by listening, you'll master the proven interpersonal skills you need to deal with every individual, every group, every occasion.

The result? New doors will open to you. You won't hesitate to accept an invitation, to approach someone important, to seize an opportunity. You'll never again feel like an outsider. Success will naturally flow your way—and with less effort than you ever imagined possible.

Internationally acclaimed communications expert Leil Lowndes is a best-selling author and speaker who also coaches private clients, including top Fortune 500 executives.

**The King of Conversation
raves about Leil Lowndes!**

"You'll not only break the ice,
you'll melt it away with your new
conversation skills."—**Larry King**

Winning strategies.

Here's just a sampling of the secrets you'll discover in *Conversation Confidence*:

- ✓The two most powerful "instant rapport" techniques. Use them and you'll *always* make a terrific first impression.
- ✓How champion socializers and big winners "work" a room.
- ✓The four rules of effective "small talk"—and the one huge *error* many people commit.
- ✓How to converse intelligently on *any* subject—even if you know little or nothing about it!
- ✓Magic phrases that never fail to win a new acquaintance's trust and goodwill.
- ✓How to handle difficult people. Ingenious ways to turn even the fiercest tigers into pussycats.
- ✓Is she (or he) romantically attracted to you? How to know for sure.
- ✓Someone mentions something you have in common. Wait! *Don't* reveal it right away. Here's why.
- ✓Are you hearing the truth—or a lie? Watch for these critical tip-offs.
- ✓Phone power! How to get through to "unreachable" people.
- ✓Ten often-heard expressions—that *you* should *never* say.
- ✓Get what you want! Shrewd tactics to negotiate, persuade, sell. A powerful six-step formula to win others over.
- ✓And much more!



NO-RISK trial offer, plus a great FREE BONUS.

Test this terrific program for only \$19.95. Put it to work—and watch what happens. I *guarantee* that with *Conversation Confidence*, you'll be a winner on every occasion, or it *costs you nothing!*

You'll receive the two Introductory tapes of the program to audition for 30 days. Listen to them as many times as you wish. Then, decide if you want the complete program. You may keep the Introductory tapes, or return them for a *prompt, full, no-hassles refund* of the purchase price. Fair enough?

You'll also receive a FREE BONUS: the Memory Advantage two-hour course.

This two-tape program will give you the ability to remember names and faces like never before. It's the perfect companion to *Conversation Confidence* and it's yours *free*. Even if you return *Conversation Confidence* and claim your refund, the bonus is *yours to keep!*

Now you can possess the self-assurance and skills to meet and talk with anyone, anywhere, any time. You'll never miss another chance to make a promising new business contact or friend, to win his or her trust, to achieve your goals.

Unleash the power of *Conversation Confidence* and start to create a real difference in your life. **Order today!**

TEST THIS LIFE-CHANGING PROGRAM FOR 30 DAYS—WITHOUT RISK!

CALL TOLL-FREE 1-888-765-5511

Or FAX your credit card order to 949-361-5624 • www.verbaladvantage.com

verbalAdvantage®

1150 Calle Cordillera, Dept. 5346
San Clemente, CA 92673

☐ **YES,**

I want to test *Conversation Confidence*™ without risk. Rush me the two Introductory tapes. Please include my *free bonus*, the *Memory Advantage* two-hour course.

I may audition the Introductory tapes for 30 days. Later, I can decide if I want the complete program. If I'm not totally satisfied, I may return the two tapes within the one-month trial period for a prompt, full, no-hassles refund of the purchase price. **The free bonus is mine to keep, regardless.**

© 1999 Wordsuccess LLC

☐ My check for \$24.90 is enclosed. (\$19.95 plus \$4.95 S&H)
Charge my: ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard ☐ American Express ☐ Discover

Card No. _____

Exp. _____ Signature _____

Name _____

Title/Co. _____

Address _____

City _____

State/Prov. _____ Zip _____

Phone (____) _____

California residents, please add 7.25% sales tax (\$1.45), for a total of \$26.35
US funds only. Please call for S&H rates outside the continental US.

Iraq and Kosovo establish bluster and blink as the Clintonites' defining method of operation."

By the end of 1993, the administration had nothing that could be considered a foreign policy—that is, a set of goals coupled with rational thoughts about how to achieve them. To what, then, did it turn for a substitute? To politics, personality, and dogma. Politics motivated Clinton's efforts in Northern Ireland (proving that think-

■

By the end of 1993, the administration had nothing that could be considered a foreign policy.

■

ing about the next election does not always bring disaster). But in other cases, the administration's willingness to subordinate national interest to the search for campaign support—and above all campaign money—has been scandalous.

China, of course, provides the most appalling example. Clinton overrode strong recommendations from several Cabinet departments when he approved the export of missile technology to China in 1996. Why? The main beneficiary of his policy was Loral Space and Communications, whose CEO was the largest single contributor to the Democratic National Committee.

And this was but one egregious incident in a broader pattern. In October 1998, the *New York Times* reported that

[s]hortly after he took office in 1993, President Clinton traveled to Silicon Valley. . . . The night before his speech, Mr. Clinton went out to dinner with two dozen executives, some of whom complained bitterly about government rules impeding the overseas sale of computers and other cutting-edge technologies. Mr. Clinton grabbed a pad, furiously took notes, and promised relief, one executive recalled. Over the next five years, the President delivered, personally presiding over what industry executives and government officials agree was one of the most sweeping relaxations of export restrictions in American history. . . .

Grateful high-technology companies showered the Democratic Party with campaign contributions, cementing a new financial base for a party that has historically struggled to raise money from corporate America. . . . Senior officials acknowledge that President Clinton decided to change the rules without a rigorous review by intelligence officials or other national security experts.

During his 1992 campaign, Clinton repeatedly scorned George Bush for "coddling tyrants from Baghdad to Beijing" and pledged far tougher human-rights pressure on China. But as president, Clinton quickly "de-linked" human rights and trade, promising the Chinese most-favored-nation status regardless of their human-rights abuses. He now urges Chinese membership in the World Trade Organization, regardless of China's trade practices. Meanwhile, the facts about Beijing's contributions to Clinton's 1996 campaign are still under investigation, and it was recently revealed that the administration was shockingly slow in reacting to Chinese espionage in the nuclear labs at Los Alamos. The handling of China will prove to be the lowest point of Clinton foreign policy—and a greater scandal than the Lewinsky affair.

Cults of personality, too, have substituted for a true foreign policy—reliance on Yeltsin in Russia, on Aristide in Haiti, on other strongmen (weakmen?) elsewhere. The administration has consistently dismissed or downplayed complaints against its special friends far longer than logic or American interests permit. Milosevic in the Balkans was treated as a dependable interlocutor and made into a guarantor of the 1995 Dayton accords. The fact that Arafat keeps violating promises made at Oslo—and that his Palestinian Authority is hugely corrupt

and that he himself is the primary obstacle to democratic progress in Palestinian society—is blithely unacknowledged. To admit that such people are unreliable would be to admit grave policy errors and diplomatic blunders; and this, the administration will not do, no matter how much evidence piles up.

And what of liberal dogmas? The administration's attachment to the ABM treaty is a striking display of near-religious devotion. The treaty was meant to cope with the massive nuclear arsenal of the Soviet Union (a state that expired in 1991). Yet the administration insists that, because of that treaty, the United States is prohibited from protecting itself from terrorists or from the arsenals being developed in, for example, Libya and Iraq.

But the treaty is not the real problem; it is an excuse. Missile defense is unacceptable to the Clintonites because they spent the 1980s deriding it as "Star Wars," a dangerous fantasy of a Hollywood president. It is a matter of liberal faith that missile defense is a bad idea. Similarly, after years of opposing Reagan's military policies, the Clintonites have choked on the recognition that the defense budget needs to be increased.

In the Middle East, the administration forges ahead with the "peace process," almost regardless of its results. In recent years, Oslo's main achievement has been to create a Palestinian police force that is tomorrow's Palestinian army. So committed are the Clintonites to Israel's Labor party that they intervened massively (if unsuccessfully) in the 1996 election won by Likud's Netanyahu, ensuring that relations between the two governments would be bitter. They now treat Arafat—who the day before yesterday was ordering the murder of Americans—far more respectfully than they do the prime minister of Israel.



Madeleine Albright by Roman Genn

Haverhills' Best Sellers*

**But read this ad for an even better deal!*

A spyglass in the great naval tradition...
Adm Nelson's Telescope™
(with table tripod) just \$59.95*

When Horatio Nelson fought the battle of Trafalgar, he used a telescope just like this to monitor the movements of the French-Spanish fleet. Our manufacturer has created a faithful replica of this famous scope. *Admiral Nelson's Telescope™* measures about five inches in its "collapsed" position. When you extend the four sections to full length, the scope will be thirteen inches long and focused to infinity with needle sharpness. Everything will appear twenty-five times larger than it would to the naked eye. Compare that to standard binoculars which give you only 6x or 8x magnification. If you have ever wanted to own a fine telescope, but found prices a little steep, *Admiral Nelson's Telescope™* should be your choice. You'll get many years of good use and enjoyment from it. *Admiral Nelson's Telescope™* #1069E606a



*The optics of Admiral Nelson's Telescope™ are "25x30" which means 25x magnification and the great light gathering capacity of a 30-mm objective lens. *Admiral Nelson's Telescope™* was made of brass. This replica is heavily chrome-plated for extra beauty and protection. The scope comes with a belt-looped vinyl carrying case. For permanent mounting the scope comes with an extendable table tripod.

A breakthrough in audio technology...
MR-318T AM/FM/TV Stereo Personal Digital Radio™
only \$69.95*

There is absolutely nothing like it. This outstanding personal receiver fits in your shirt pocket or fits inconspicuously on your desk or night table. It's packed with features that give you crisp reception over the entire AM and FM bands and the audio portions of all VHF TV channels—2 to 13. Here are some of the other great features of this breakthrough personal digital radio:



*The MR-318T works on two AA-batteries (included). It measures only 5 x 2.5 inches and weighs less than six ounces. Fidelity is astonishing! The maker of the MR-318T receiver is one of the world's leaders in the production of advanced radio equipment.

- PLL Synthesized Tuning
- Built-In Speaker
- Nice-Styled Aluminum Case
- State-of-the-Art Design
- Automatic Scanning
- Headphones Included
- 25 Memory Presets: 10 AM, 10 FM, 5 TV
- FM Directional Antenna
- Batteries Included

Get "shirt-pocket" AM/FM reception as you never had before. Catch the audio portion of your favorite TV show; wherever you are; watch the late TV show without disturbing your partner; listen to the commentator when you watch the ball game or any sporting event—and much more. Order it today! *MR-318T AM/FM/TV Stereo Personal Digital Radio™* #1074E606d

Never drive a dirty car again, with...
Super Turbo MiniVac™
only \$19.95*



Plug the **Super Turbo MiniVac™** into your car's cigarette lighter and this little giant will go to work for you with a vengeance. Its powerful motor revs at the astonishing speed of 18,000 rpm and has suction equal to or greater than that of larger and more impressive looking models. It picks up the deepest dirt, crumbs, pollen, dog and cat hairs, and any other debris. The *Super Turbo MiniVac™* comes with a coiled cord that extends to eight feet and lets you reach every nook and cranny of your car. Why should your car, your truck or your boat be any less tidy than your home? Keep it dust free and clean. Get your *Super Turbo MiniVac(s)™* today! *Super Turbo MiniVac™* #1073E606b

*The tapered nozzle of the Super Turbo MiniVac™ lets you reach into and clean all corners of your car, including those hard-to-get-to folds in your front and back seats.

Get TV reception you never had before, with...

Scanner 2000™
only \$39.95*



You can now get TV reception that you never thought possible. With *Scanner 2000™* and through the miracle of microelectronics, you are able to "activate" the electrical wiring of your home and use it as a giant antenna. *Scanner 2000™* will stabilize your TV picture, it will eliminate "ghosts" and static, and it will bring in stations that were visible only as flickers and annoying shadows. Even if you are now on cable or have a digital satellite system, you will be able to clearly receive "fringe" stations. For even more powerful performance, *Scanner 2000™* contains a 20dB amplifier gain booster. As a "bonus" *Scanner 2000™* will greatly enhance your FM and shortwave radio reception. Now, finally, enjoy TV as it should be enjoyed and get your *Scanner 2000™* today! *Scanner 2000™* #1068E606e

**Scanner 2000™* plugs into your house wiring and needs no batteries. The unit has two ports allowing you to operate two TVs or radios at the same time.

Never let a dead car battery stall you again—go with...

Car Starter™
only \$49.95*



The sickening "click-click" of a dead car battery is the most discouraging sound a motorist can hear. You are stranded—sometimes for hours or in dangerous neighborhoods—or are dependent on the kindness of strangers, who might not even have jumper cables. And you know how dangerous jumper cables (and strangers!) can be. This can never happen to you with *Car Starter™*, a portable power source that will charge your car battery in 15 minutes or less—just by plugging it into your cigarette lighter! After use, you can recharge the unit again right through that same cigarette lighter. And that isn't all: You can also use *Car Starter™* to operate any and all 12-volt appliances, such as small TV sets (up to 16 hours), portable fridges, cellular phones (up to 100 hours), laptop computers, and much more. Don't ever again worry about a dead battery and a stalled car—give convenience and safety to yourself and your loved ones and order your *Car Starter(s)™* today! *Car Starter™* #1071E606c

**Car Starter™* will keep its charge for years and will work in the most extreme hot/cold temperature conditions. Its output is an astonishing 7.5 amp-hrs., incomparably higher than any competing unit. *Car Starter™* measures 8.5" x 2" x 2" and weighs only 27 oz. You should always keep it in your glove compartment!

More than just a telescope...more than just a microscope...

Episcope™
(the complete vest-pocket optical system)
still only
\$59.95*



Remove the *Episcope™* from its fitted leather case and it's a 30-power microscope. A twist of the wrist converts it to a 3x telescope, or a unique 3x telescope-loupe. Another twist, and you have a choice of magnifiers and loupes: 5x, 10x, and 15x powers. The *Episcope™*, only 2" long, was developed in Wetzlar (Germany), the home of world-famous Leica cameras; it's now being made by one of Asia's finest lens makers. The optics are superb: brilliant luminosity, needle-sharp focus, absolute planarity, total chromatic correction, and fully anastigmatic. The *Episcope™* is the first choice of geologists, biologists, numismatists, philatelists, engineers, and just anybody who likes to see the infinite detail in his/her surroundings. It comes with a plastic "tripod" for extended observations at 15x or 30x magnifications. *Episcope™* #1062E606f

*Even at its highest magnification of 30x, the *Episcope™* resolves as distinctly as any laboratory microscope, yet it is only 2" long. An optical miracle!

*Our "special deal": **BUY ANY 2 ITEMS AND GET ANOTHER ONE FREE!**
For instance: Buy a \$69.95 item and a \$49.95 item and get another \$49.95 or lesser-priced item FREE!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER BY
TOLL-FREE PHONE OR BY FAX.
SEE NUMBERS BELOW.

For customer service, please call (415) 643-2810. For wholesale orders, call Chris Simpson at that same number.

You may order by toll-free phone, by mail, or by fax and pay by check or Visa/MasterCard. Please give order number shown after the item. Add \$4.95 shipping/ins. for each item (except three *Car Starter* or three *Adm. Nelson's Telescope* for \$9.90), plus sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return and one-year warranty. We do not refund shipping charges.

since 1967
haverhills®

2360 Third St., San Francisco, CA 94107

© Order by toll-free phone: (800) 797-7367 or by fax (415) 643-2818 ©

Who are they, these Clinton diplomats? The most important matters have fallen into the hands of the two secretaries of state, Warren Christopher and Albright, deputy secretary Strobe Talbott, and national security advisor Sandy Berger (in addition, of course, to the president and vice president, who chose this team). What a crew! Talbott is in a class by himself, having, as a journalist, been wrong on every major issue of the 1980s, among them NATO two-

■

**We have lost the
credibility built up by
Reagan and Bush.**

■

track missile deployment, SDI, Grenada, Central America, and, above all, the Soviet Union. Talbott was dead-certain that Reagan's lame-brained ideas would lead us to nuclear war with the heroic Gorbachev. Albright is not far behind, having supported the nuclear freeze and opposed the Gulf War. Christopher had resigned—honorably, but with incredibly bad judgment—from the Carter administration because he opposed the effort to rescue American hostages in Iran. That is, he thought Jimmy Carter too aggressive.

The hapless Christopher made 24 trips to Syria during his years in office in a vain effort to persuade Assad to do something nice. Finally, in April 1996, Christopher landed in Damascus and Assad actually refused to see him. Several days before, he had been kept waiting in an anteroom for two hours while Assad met with the Russian foreign minister. These incidents—comical though they may appear—are not social slights; they are displays of disdain for American power that should worry every American.

As for Albright, she recently alighted twice in Rambouillet, France, to give the Serbs and Kosovars a deadline for signing a deal. When they refused, she simply announced new deadlines. The two parties continued to reject her proposals. According to reports, one "leader" of the tiny "Kosovo Liberation

Army" even hung up on her when she phoned him. Having watched her threaten Hussein and Milosevic to little effect in rounds of "bluster and blink," the gentleman was unmoved by the secretary's majesty—or her threats. One could make fun of her mistakes, for she is quite obviously not up to the job she holds. But her incompetence is actually dangerous. We have lost the credibility built up by Ronald Reagan and George Bush, and the price of restoring it may be measured in lives.

Credibility is the product of actions. In the late 1980s, a top Soviet leader was asked when the Kremlin first took Reagan seriously. Was it when he sent bombers over Libya? "Oh no," came the reply. "It was when he fired the air-traffic controllers," in the first months of his presidency. This was a mere issue of *domestic policy*, but the Soviets had taken notice that Reagan backed up his words with action. Enemies of the United States today—from Saddam Hussein to Milosevic to China's politburo—take notice when the connection between threats and action is tenuous. This is the real problem of Clintonian diplomacy.

Consider this: In 1986, the Reagan administration had to decide whether to issue a threat to the Soviet Union about its activities in Central America. If you put combat jets into Nicaragua, the proposed threat went, we will take them out. At a National Security Council meeting, there was broad assent that the threat had to be issued. Then Jim Baker spoke up. Look, he said: This is not the beginning of the discussion, but the end of it. Everyone agreeing to issue the threat is agreeing, here and now, to military actions that may be needed six or twelve months from now. The worst thing we could do is make a threat, then back away.

Heads nodded. The threat was issued. The Soviets grumbled, but they complied: No aircraft were ever delivered. Our enemies, like our friends, had taken us at our word. And that will not happen again until a new administration sits in the White House. **NR**

■ ABROAD ■

The Other Gulag

China's horror.

HARRY WU

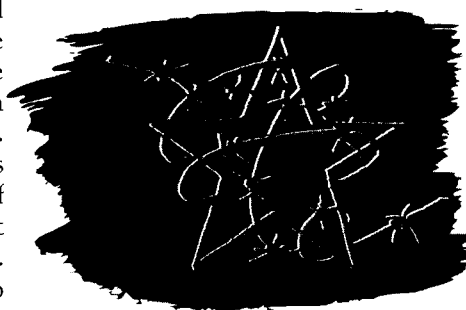
EVERY tyranny needs a suppression machine to maintain its rule. Hitler had his concentration camps; Stalin, his. Yet some people think that Communist China has no need of a suppression machine. They think that China gets along with a normal, even a Western-style judicial and penal system, perhaps with a few Eastern variants.

But this is untrue. The regime in Beijing has exactly the kind of suppression machine it needs to enforce its will. No professor of recent Germany history would fail to speak of the Holocaust. And no scholar of the Soviet Union would omit the Gulag. Yet many so-called China experts, who use terms like "Great Leap Forward" and "Cultural Revolution," make no mention whatsoever of the Laogai. But "Laogai" is part of the everyday language of the Chinese

people. Almost everyone in China has family or friends with personal knowledge of this hated system—if he does not himself.

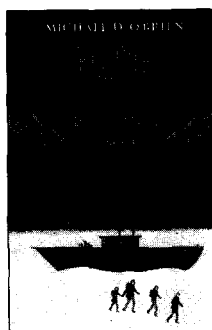
I realize it is difficult to discuss the Laogai. How many people in 1937 were

interested in hearing about the Nazi camps? Germany's economy was growing steadily. The West cooperated with German companies. There was no splashy boycott of the 1936 Berlin Games. Few people were willing to believe even the reports of escapees. It



Mr. Wu, the dissident, is executive director of the Laogai Research Foundation.

✠ SPIRITUAL CLASSICS ✠



PLAGUE JOURNAL

A Novel

Michael O'Brien

The author of *Father Elijah* presents this apocalyptic drama about the editor of a small-town newspaper in North America faced with the greatest crisis of his life. As he and his family are hunted down by a police state seeking to crush all freedom, the editor chronicles his struggle of a thoroughly modern man put to the ultimate test, a man who in losing himself finds himself.

0-89870-610-6, Sewn Hardcover, \$19.95

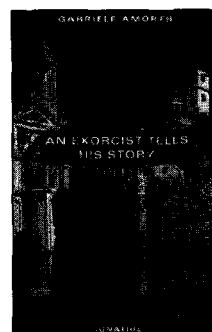


UPON THIS ROCK

Stephen K. Ray

Ray goes through the Scriptures and the first five centuries to show that the first Christians had a clear understanding of the primacy of Peter in the See of Rome. He uses many Protestant scholars to support the Catholic position. This book contains the most complete compilation of scriptural and Patristic quotations on the Primacy of Peter and the Papal office of any book currently available.

0-89870-723-4, Sewn Softcover, \$16.95

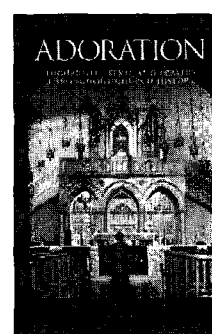


AN EXORCIST TELLS HIS STORY

Fr. Gabriele Amorth

Rome's chief exorcist tells of his many experiences in his ministry as an exorcist doing battle with Satan, allowing the reader to witness what an exorcist sees and does. He shows how real the devil is, and the great power of evil that Satan has, and how that evil is conquered only by the power of Christ.

0-89870-710-2, Sewn Softcover, \$14.95



ADORATION

Eucharistic Texts and Prayers throughout Church History

Ed. by Daniel Guernsey

This classic collection offers rich meditation material before the Blessed Sacrament, as well as a good preparation for the Liturgy. It provides prayerful souls with inspiring insights gleaned from the wealth of Church teaching — the Church Fathers, great saints, popes, councils, and scripture.

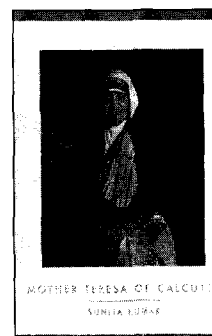
0-89870-670-X, Sewn Softcover, \$14.95

MOTHER TERESA OF CALCUTTA

Sunita Kumar

In honor of the first anniversary of her death, this stunning coffee-table pictorial history of the life and work of Mother Teresa was produced with the approval of the Missionaries of Charity. It includes 120 original photos with inspiring commentary and meditations by Mother Teresa. A wonderful keepsake.

0-89870-729-3, 9 x 12 Hardcover, \$24.95

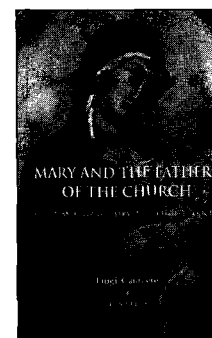


MARY AND THE FATHERS OF THE CHURCH

Fr. Luigi Gambero, S.M.

An intriguing, comprehensive survey of the development of Marian doctrine and devotion during the first eight centuries. Focusing on the lives and works of the most famous Church Fathers and early Christian writers, Gambero has produced a clear and readable summary of the richness of the patristic age's theological and devotional approach to the Mother of God.

0-89870-686-6, Sewn Softcover, \$18.95

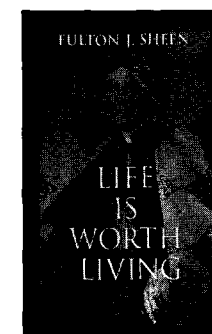


LIFE IS WORTH LIVING

Fulton J. Sheen

Bishop Fulton Sheen's renowned television series, *Life is Worth Living*, was watched by millions. This book contains the full-length scripts of forty-four of those top-rated programs. His timeless insights give wise, personal and inspiring guidance on the problems affecting our lives in today's world. It offers a stirring statement of Sheen's whole philosophy of life and living.

0-89870-611-4, Sewn Softcover, \$14.95

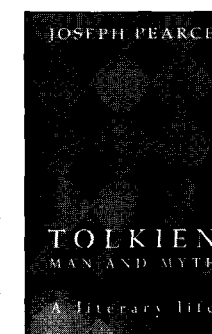


TOLKIEN: MAN AND MYTH

Joseph Pearce

J.R.R. Tolkien is one of the most popular writers of our age. His *Lord of the Rings* was voted the greatest book of the century in a recent British survey. This major new study of his life and his work explores the background of the man and the culture in which he wrote, and his relationships with other great literary writers, including C.S. Lewis.

0-89870-711-0, Hardcover, \$24.95



Ignatius press

P.O. Box 1339, Ft. Collins, CO 80542

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

QTY	TITLE	TOTAL	
—	<i>Plague Journal</i> (\$19.95)	_____	— <i>Mary and the Fathers of the Church</i> (\$18.95)
—	<i>Upon This Rock</i> (\$16.95)	_____	— <i>Life is Worth Living</i> (\$14.95)
—	<i>An Exorcist Tells His Story</i> (\$14.95)	_____	— <i>Tolkien: Man and Myth</i> (\$24.95) ..
—	<i>Adoration</i> (\$14.95)	_____	Ship/Handling (\$2.00/book)
—	<i>Mother Teresa of Calcutta</i> (\$24.95)	_____	Total Enclosed _____

Order toll-free with credit card **1-800-651-1531**

REV-Sp1

was not until the end of World War II that people generally came to grips with the evil that the Germans and their partners had committed.

Today, the blood, tears, and lives of millions of Chinese men and women testify to the awful truth about the Laogai. What is the Laogai? It is, quite simply, the Chinese Communist version of Hitler's camps and Stalin's. In the words of a Chinese government document, "Marxism holds that the state is a machine of violence made up of army, police, court, prison, and other compulsory facilities." As for Mao, he made himself unmistakably clear: "The Laogai facilities are one of the violent component parts of the state machine. Laogai facilities of all levels are established as tools representing the interests of the proletariat and the people's masses and exercising dictatorship over a minority of hostile elements originating from exploiter classes."

Listen to the words of another government document, this one explaining why it is necessary to force Chinese prisoners into labor: "Our economic theory holds that the human being is the most fundamental productive force. Except for those who must be exterminated physically out of political consideration, human beings must be utilized as productive forces, with submissiveness as the prerequisite. The Laogai system's fundamental policy is 'Forced Labor as a means, while Thought Reform is our basic aim.'" The goal of the system, according to the government, is to "reform prisoners into new, socialist people."

Incredibly, Western scholars make casual comparisons of their own prisons to the Chinese. But if they bothered to learn the least thing about the Laogai, they would never utter such comparisons, which are not only ignorant but insulting.

Hitler's ideology divided people by race and religion. Stalin and Mao's divides mainly by class. All three constructed labor camps to destroy the human being. Entrances to the Nazi camps bore signs proclaiming, "Labor Makes Freedom." Laogai camps have signs that read, "Labor Makes New Life." While the German signs are long gone, China's remain, along with the camps. Everyone knows the word "Holocaust." And everyone knows the word "Gulag." It is time for Westerners to learn the word that springs naturally and fearfully to the lips of a billion Chinese: "Laogai." **NR**

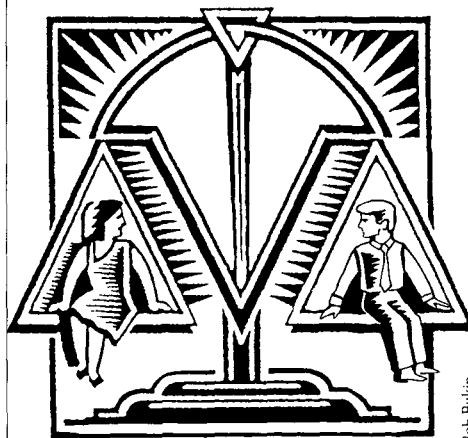
■ THE HILL ■

Equal Time

Democrats and the administration revive an old feminist cause.

KATE O'BEIRNE

IN his State of the Union address, President Clinton followed his pitch for an increase in the minimum wage with a seductive appeal to the fairer sex: "And let's make sure that women and men get equal pay for equal work by strengthening enforcement of the equal-pay laws." This solicitude for working women prompted the evening's only bipartisan standing ovation. "Uh oh," thought an onlooking GOP leadership aide, who realized that "Republicans



Bob Bukin

had no idea what they were clapping about." In fact, they were applauding a new Democratic assault on employers in an attempt to enrich civil-rights groups and trial lawyers.

The AFL-CIO has launched a drive for "pay equity" legislation in 24 states, and within days of his big speech Clinton devoted his Saturday radio address to the new federal initiative. He fondly recalled that it had "brought members of both parties to their feet in a strong show of support," and he urged

the demonstratively enthusiastic Congress to pass the Paycheck Fairness Act, co-sponsored by minority leader Tom Daschle and liberal Connecticut representative Rosa DeLauro.

Business groups in the bipartisan bull's-eye don't share Congress's enthusiasm. The Labor Policy Association, which represents about 250 major corporations, is alarmed that Congress was brought to its feet over a measure designed to bring employers to their knees. The Paycheck Fairness Act, writes association president Jeffrey McGuinness, "is really about opening the door to unlimited employment-law damages."

Equal pay for equal work has actually been federally mandated since President Kennedy signed the Equal Pay Act in 1963. Still, the battle cry over discrimi-

Republicans were applauding a new Democratic assault on employers.

natory wages fueled the feminist movement during its fish-and-bicycle days in the 1970s and its push for the ERA. Equal pay remains the only item on the feminist agenda that enjoys broad public support. In fact, the idea is such a no-brainer that it is now reality, judging by the relatively few complaints lodged for sex-based wage discrimination.

The Equal Employment Opportunity Commission enforces claims brought under either the Equal Pay Act or Title VII of the 1964 Civil Rights Act. Over the past five years, fewer than 1.5 percent of all charges filed with the EEOC have involved Equal Pay Act complaints alleging unfairly low wages for women. The EEOC found reasonable cause to believe that sex discrimination had on average occurred in fewer than 4 percent of these complaints. Over the past three years, the EEOC has litigated only five Equal Pay Act cases, representing 0.5 percent of all its litigated cases for that period.

Hardly a groundswell of wronged women. But this insignificant number of complaints is precisely the problem that Tom Daschle's bill is meant to rectify. Under the Kennedy-era Equal Pay Act,

"Young America's Foundation
is leading the charge to win the
hearts and minds of impressionable college-age students.
Even Washington is paying attention."

Insight Magazine



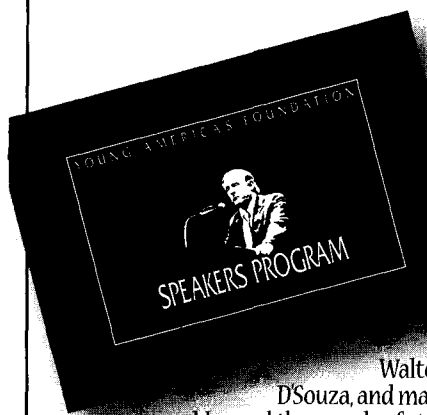
You can play an important role in spreading your ideas to new audiences. Young America's Foundation is the breakthrough outreach organization of the Conservative Movement. Learn the secrets of successful activism. *Call today!*

Libertas is the Foundation's general newsletter published six times yearly. It reports on Foundation events, noting students who have conducted campus programs and battled political correctness successfully.
Free.



Campus Leader is the Foundation's monthly newsletter for student contacts. It alerts students to available Foundation events and resources, including speakers, books, and posters. Each issue includes a full-size poster. These posters decorate thousands of dorm rooms on campuses all over the U. S.

Free to students.



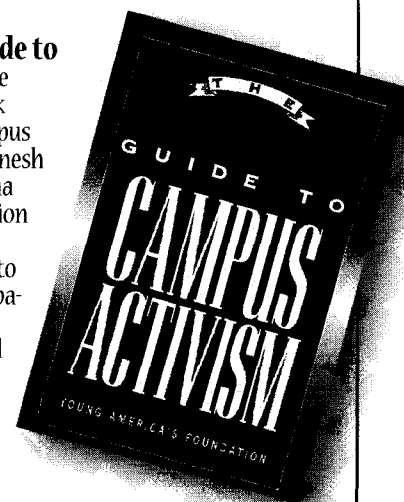
Young America's Foundation Speakers Program contains information on the various speakers offered through the Foundation, including William F. Buckley, Oliver North, Robert Novak, M. Stanton Evans, Michael Medved,

Walter Williams, Ralph Reed, Dinesh D'Souza, and many more. These speakers have addressed thousands of students, bringing balance to hundreds of campuses all over the U. S.

Free.

The Conservative Guide to Campus Activism is the Foundation's "how-to" book written by successful campus activists such as author Dinesh D'Souza, Congressman Dana Rohrabacher and Foundation President Ron Robinson. It includes chapters on how to start a conservative newspaper, conduct speaking events, raise funds, defend your legal rights on campus, and more.

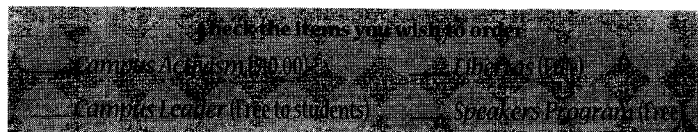
\$10.00



To order, return this coupon to:

Young America's Foundation

F. M. Kirby Freedom Center, 110 Elden Street, Herndon, Virginia 20170



Enclosed is \$_____ (for *Campus Activism* only). Please send publications to:

Name _____ School (if applicable) _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Phone _____ Email _____

F. M. Kirby Freedom Center
110 Elden Street
Herndon, Virginia 20170
703-313-9608
800-292-9231 toll free
www.yaf.org

The Reagan Ranch
812 B Anacapa Street
Santa Barbara, CA 93101
805-957-1980
877-797-7325 toll free
www.reaganranch.com

successful complainants are awarded compensatory back pay—double pay upon a showing of willful violations—and reasonable attorneys' fees. The aggrieved party is made whole, but no one else profits. The new Paycheck Fairness Act wouldn't be so stingy.

Under Daschle's scheme, the Equal Pay Act would be amended to allow for unlimited punitive damages and larger class-action suits. This will attract trial lawyers like flies because under the

current law there is no need to show a discriminatory intent by the employer to win a case. The provision for damages, a veteran Senate staffer says, would represent "a huge change in employment law and a huge boon for trial lawyers." Currently, there are no provisions for unlimited damages in any federal employment law. Threatened with exorbitant damages, on top of the light burden of proof required of plaintiffs, businesses will be under

pressure to settle even the weakest cases.

Furthermore, potential class-action plaintiffs in Equal Pay Act cases would under the Daschle plan have to "opt out" of lawsuits. As affected individuals typically do nothing when notified about a suit on their behalf, the elimination of the act's current provision that plaintiffs must affirmatively "opt in" will likely increase dramatically the size of classes. The average size of a class in a federal suit under "opt in" rules is 633; under "opt out" provisions the number balloons to 32,797. Federal courts have referred to this type of class-action suit as "judicial blackmail" because the potential costs of losing are so high, defendants almost have to settle.

■
**This would change the
legal landscape for
businesses drastically
for the worse.**
■

This blackmail is not without beneficiaries. "Civil-rights groups derive a huge amount of their income from these large cases," points out the Labor Policy Association's McGuiness. He expects that if equal-pay cases include unlimited damages and new class-action rules, Democrats will then press to "reform" similarly the rules governing other employment cases brought under Title VII and the Americans with Disabilities Act.

This would change the legal landscape for businesses drastically for the worse, and give the Left a pressure point to dictate to businesses how they compensate women; the Paycheck Fairness Act instructs the Labor Department to develop comparable-worth "guidelines" that employers should be encouraged to adopt.

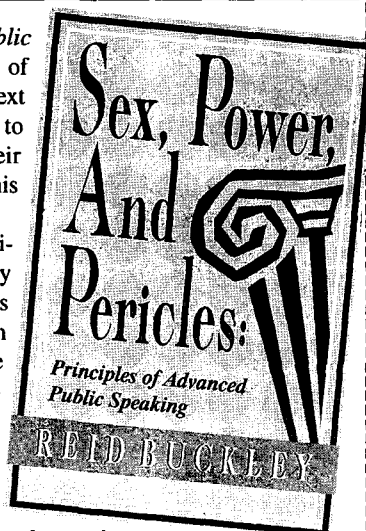
There is good reason for Democrats to be optimistic about their chances. The *Washington Post's* Judy Mann writes, "Timing on equal pay efforts, especially in Congress, couldn't be better. The right wing has been routed, the Republicans are terrified of the women's vote, and the economy is certainly robust . . ." True enough. But why should Republicans be applauding? **NR**

Now you can get REID BUCKLEY'S LATEST BOOK, *SEX, POWER, AND PERICLES*, for only \$12.95!

Reid Buckley's popular *Speaking in Public* introduced you to the perils and triumphs of public speaking. Now he takes you to the next level in *Sex, Power, and Pericles*, showing you how to excel as an orator, wow crowds, and win their approval. If you liked his first book, you'll love this one.

Florence King says of it: "Aided by his vast erudition and his knack of marshaling the fragmentary reflections of his well-traveled life (he's the Marcus Aurelius of the canceled flight), Buckley has written an expert how-to manual on podium performance that is also a wise and witty cultural essay demonstrating that the art of public speaking and the art of living are one."

Speaking in Public stressed how to lure opponents into box canyons and there annihilate them; *Sex, Power, and Pericles* stresses how to persuade people so subtly and so graciously that they don't know what's happening to them. Together, they are a complete course in talking your way to success.



☐ Please rush me a copy of *Sex, Power, and Pericles*—I enclose \$12.95 plus \$3.00 shipping & handling for a total of \$15.95.

☐ I would like copies of both *Sex, Power, and Pericles* and *Speaking in Public* at the special low price of just \$24.95, plus \$5.00 shipping & handling (you save a full \$5.95!), for a total of \$29.95.

☐ I would like the set of 7 cassette tapes, *Speaking in Public*, for \$44.95 plus \$5.00 shipping & handling, for a total of \$49.95.

Please ship my order to:

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____
Zip _____
Phone # _____

☐ I would like the set of 6 cassette tapes, *Sex, Power, and Pericles*, for \$49.95 plus \$5.00 shipping & handling, for a total of \$54.95.

☐ I would like both sets of tapes, *Speaking in Public* and *Sex, Power, and Pericles* for \$79.95, plus \$7.00 shipping & handling (you save \$14.95), for a total of \$86.95.

☐ I would like the whole shebang, both sets of tapes and both books for just \$97.95 plus \$10.00 shipping & handling (you save \$27.85), for a total of \$107.95.

Please charge my ☐ MasterCard ☐ Visa

Acct.# _____
Exp. Date _____

☐ I enclose my check
in the amount of: _____

Please mail this coupon to:

The Buckley School of Public Speaking.

P.O. Box 874, Camden, SC 29020

For fastest service call toll free: 1-800-344-4681

www.buckleyschool.com e-mail: RBuckleybk@aol.com

■ THE HILL II ■

Hard Cell

A powerful coalition
pushes to subvert the ban
on human-embryo research.

JOHN J. MILLER

SEN. TOM HARKIN wanted to sound sophisticated at a hearing on the complicated subject of embryonic-cell research last December. "It is my belief and my opinion, based upon a lot of study of this, that [stem cells] do not fall under the ban on human-embryo research," declared the Iowa Democrat. Then he read the law aloud, including the part that defines embryos as organisms derived from human diploid cells. "I don't even know what that is," he announced.

A seventh-grade biology textbook might have come in handy. Diploid cells are those that contain complete sets of chromosome pairs. In other words, all cells are diploid cells except for eggs and sperm. But Harkin wasn't interested in the details. Neither were his scientific allies at the witness table. A powerful coalition including the Clinton administration and pro-abortion groups, as well as biotechnology companies, universities, and patient-advocacy outfits, are determined to railroad right-to-lifers on an emerging and bitterly contested moral issue.

The stakes for both sides are high. With the partial-birth-abortion fight essentially lost—Congress remains unable to override a presidential veto, the initiative process hasn't worked, and the courts have repeatedly struck down state laws banning the practice—pro-lifers now identify embryo research as a top legislative priority. But they are pitted against interests that stand to win millions of dollars in federal funding—and potentially make many millions more if firms bring products based on this research to the marketplace.

The debate slipped into overdrive last November, when scientists announced that they had isolated human embryonic stem cells, primitive cells that, like the stem of a plant, can grow into any part of the human body. Adults carry stem cells, but they are not as versatile as the ones found in embryos. If nudged the right way, embryonic stem cells can grow into a wide variety of healthy tissues and organs, which can then be transplanted into people suffering from Alzheimer's disease, diabetes, heart conditions—anything in which degenerative cells play a role.

Clinical applications are still years

away, but stem-cell research holds almost limitless promise. Lifespans could increase by decades. William Haseltine, head of Human Genome Sciences, a private firm in Maryland, even told the *Washington Post*, "This is the first time we can conceive human immortality." There's only one problem: Embryonic-stem-cell research kills living embryos. John Gearhart of Johns Hopkins University performed experiments on aborted fetuses seven to nine weeks old. The University of Wisconsin's James Thomson obtained unwanted embryos from in vitro fertilization banks. He destroyed 36 of them



**Don't worry if they call you a chicken little,
at least you'll have feed and water.**

**Not to mention, everything else
you might need for Y2K.**

see our entire selection on the web @ **www.watertanks.com**

Or, if you prefer, call for our FREE catalogue: **1-888-742-6275**

to produce five cultures of living tissue. Michael West of Advanced Cell Technology, a Massachusetts company, harvested stem cells by creating and then killing embryos.

Federal dollars didn't pay for their work. In 1996, Congress banned funding for destructive embryo research. But shortly after Gearhart, Thomson, and West went public, the push began to circumvent the law. Sen. Arlen Specter of Pennsylvania, who is pro-choice, convened a series of hearings to trumpet the findings. Scientists and biotechnology companies urged taxpayer support. The American Association of Medical Colleges rallied dozens of patients-rights groups, ranging from the American Lung Association to the National Osteoporosis Foundation.

Meanwhile, the Clinton administration went to work. The law is pretty clear: The federal government can't pay for killing human embryos. So supporters of the research got clever. What if somebody not funded by the government did the killing, and then sent the stem cells to researchers who take taxpayer dollars? In December, Harold Varmus, director of the National Institutes of Health, asked for a legal opinion from the Department of Health and Human Services.

The department's lawyers reported back in a January 15 memo. Funding

embryonic-stem-cell research is permissible because stem cells are not embryos, wrote general counsel Harriet S. Rabb, formerly a board member of the New York Civil Liberties Union. For her analysis, Rabb leaned on deputy counsel Marcy Wilder, who worked as a National Abortion and Reproductive Rights Action League lobbyist before joining HHS two years ago. The Rabb-Wilder memo essentially argued that NIH researchers can't actually kill the

■

**'It's like saying you won't pay
to have someone kill me, but
will experiment on my heart
right after watching someone
else rip it out of my body.'**

■

embryos—at least not while they're on government time—but are allowed to work on embryo parts.

The legal logic isn't compelling, because the congressional ban is broad, forbidding funding for "research in which a human embryo or embryos are destroyed, discarded, or knowingly subjected to risk of injury or death." The moral logic doesn't make much sense either. "It's like saying you won't pay to have someone kill me, but will experiment on my heart right after watching

someone else rip it out of my body," says Richard Doerflinger of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops. "Either way I'm dead." In February, 70 House members and seven senators wrote to HHS secretary Donna Shalala to protest her lawyers' administrative nullification of federal law. Even Sen. Specter sensed the HHS memo's weakness. "We are in very deep water," he admitted to the *New York Times*.

The Rabb-Wilder memo nevertheless provided enough cover. Varmus eagerly announced that NIH would begin funding the controversial research, and Shalala brushed off congressional objections. NIH is expected to issue research-application guidelines by summer.

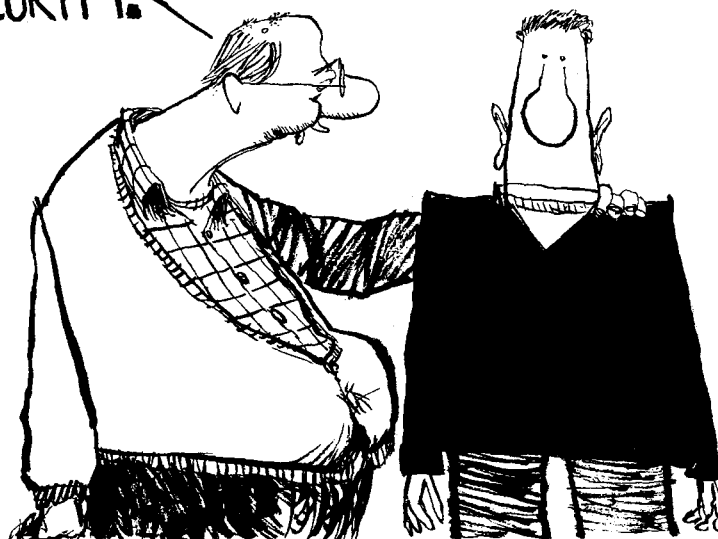
Abortion-rights advocates can't wait for NIH to turn on the funding spigot, because destructive embryo research destigmatizes abortion. Just imagine an abortion counselor telling a young woman that ending her pregnancy will help scientists improve another person's life. And pro-abortion advocates relish the sight of proliferators arguing against the Juvenile Diabetes Foundation. Biotechnology companies with short-term capitalization, meanwhile, are looking for quick returns on their investments, and government-sponsored stem-cell research aids them enormously. Because their work will create a caste of human embryos living and dying in labs for the purpose of tissue and organ donation, they also want the implied social seal of approval that government funding affords. Universities too are always eager for new sources of revenue.

Eventually advances in biotechnology could make embryonic research unnecessary. "There are no fundamental barriers to achieving pluripotent stem cells from adults," says John Fagan, a molecular biologist who heads Genetic ID, an Iowa-based company. In other words, stem cells harvested from adults may be reprogrammed in ways that give them the medical versatility of embryonic stem cells. On March 4, researchers at the Howard Hughes Medical Center in Pasadena, Calif., said that they had grown stem cells from liv-

SET YOUR GOALS HIGH,
SON. TRY TO BREAK
EVEN ON SOCIAL
SECURITY.

© 99 AKRON BEACON JOURNAL

Handwritten signature



ing nerve tissue. And in January, a team of Canadian and Italian scientists working on mice announced that they were able to transform neural stem cells into blood-making bone-marrow stem cells—a process that in theory should work in human beings.

But it will take a few years for these innovations to mature, and only a pro-life minority seems willing to wait. "These are very debatable issues," says Ronald Eastman, CEO of Geron, a California-based company that funded the Johns Hopkins and Wisconsin experiments. "But the benefits far outweigh the concerns." Last December, Arlen Specter wondered whether embryonic-stem-cell research would create "a realistic fountain of youth." His allies are ready to find out, even if it means bankrolling a culture of death. **NR**

■ THE ACADEMY ■

Campus Crackdown

Is the party over?

NAOMI SCHAEFER

ALCOHOL can irritate the lining of your stomach enough to produce nausea or vomiting." So says Positive Norm, a talking blue cartoon lava lamp that hosts Alcohol 101, a CD-ROM game passed out to 25,000 college freshmen last year. The game, which is supposed to instruct students in alcohol and its dangers, is another indication that college administrations are returning to a bygone age—when they treated students as something less than mature adults.

Not so long ago, administrators acted in loco parentis, trying to protect the welfare of their students by setting down rules of conduct, ethics, even dress. But in the aftermath of the '60s rebellion, all that changed. Students demanded to be treated as autonomous adults, and administrators obliged: "If it's behind closed doors," the new code

LEGENDARY CIGARS

10 CIGARS RATED '90' AND ABOVE

Only \$29.⁹⁵!

The "90+ Sampler" is a collection of the most highly acclaimed handmade cigars anywhere — those judged to be among the very best in the world. Each of these delicious premium cigars has been rated '90' or above by Cigar Aficionado.

Includes one each of:

- Macanudo Duke of Windsor
- Leon Jimenes No. 1
- La Aurora Pet. Belicoso
- Don Lino Churchill
- La Gloria Cubana Wavell
- Montesino Fuente Diplomatico
- Don Juan Churchill
- Joya De Nicaragua Consul
- Troya #45
- Puros Indios #4 Especial



1-888-244-2790
www.cigarsinternational.com



Limited Time Offer:
90+ RATED SAMPLER
only \$29.95 (reg. retail \$50.00)

CIGARS INTERNATIONAL

Phone: 1-888-244-2790 ■ Fax: 1-888-792-2442
521 East Fourth St ■ Bethlehem, PA 18015-1803 ■ Dept NR499
Send me 10 cigars from Cigars International's "90+ Cigar Sampler" (#SP-9010) for \$29.95 + \$4.95 shipping (PA residents add 6% sales tax). Offer expires 5/30/99.

Your Name _____
Street Address _____
City _____ ST _____ Zip _____
Daytime Phone _____
☐ \$34.90 enclosed Charge to: ☐ VISA ☐ MC ☐ Amex ☐ Dscvr
Signed _____ Exp Date ____/____/____
Credit Card No. _____

NOW AVAILABLE

THE CHURCH IS POTENT: The Feminization of Christianity

"'Male and female he created them.' Leon Podles reminds us of the full meaning and mystery of these words, which have been forgotten in our time, when both sexes have been debased and turned against each other by ideologies of 'feminism,' 'liberation,' and 'sexual freedom.' *The Church Impotent* explains the divine harmony between true patriarchy and true femininity as created by our heavenly Father. We can only be grateful for Dr. Podles' lucid effort to repair our understanding of Christian truth."

— Joseph Sobran
Nationally syndicated columnist

"By documenting and criticizing the long-term feminization of Western Christianity, Leon Podles has written a major book — one that has identified a fundamental challenge for the Church in this coming century, namely how to bring men back to the Faith. Church leaders ignore this challenge only at great risk."

— Paul C. Vitz, Professor of Psychology
New York University

SPENCE PUBLISHING CO.



Hardbound, 290 pgs., \$27.95. Available from barnesandnoble.com and amazon.com. Save 10% by ordering directly from Spence Publishing Company, www.spencepublishing.com, or call toll-free 1-888-773-6782. Ask for discount code **NRVW199**.

seemed to say, "there's nothing we can do about it."

It was fun while it lasted. But now colleges increasingly find themselves in court defending the sometimes dangerous environment they provide for students. With legal liability rising, colleges have been forced to reclaim their parental authority even if it flies in the face of student demands. The current crackdown on student freedoms is meant to protect students' safety rather than their moral well-being, and it often comes in laughable forms (witness Positive Norm). Still, it's better than the alternative.

Yet the turn away from campus permissiveness has sparked the opposition, oddly enough, of conservatives. Dartmouth president James Wright recently announced that the college would end the Greek system "as we know it," first forcing the houses to go co-ed and ultimately eliminating them altogether. In response, an article in the (conservative) *Dartmouth Review* railed that "Dartmouth's paternalists are at it again." The article even quoted approvingly the executive director of the New Hampshire Civil Liberties Union: "The young people who attend Dartmouth College are adults. Their choices—and their right to make choices—should be respected. They should not be subjected to the dictates of administrators." (Legal questions aside, there is something to be said for Mom's old policy: "We'll treat you like an adult when you act like one.")

Conservatives have reason to be suspicious. The Dartmouth administration, like others around the country, sells its new policy in typically mushy terms. "The Trustees are giving students the opportunity to reimagine social life and residential life at the College," Wright told the school's mainstream paper, *The Dartmouth*. Then there is the hypocrisy of liberal administrators, who disapprove of Budweiser but happily hand out condoms. But opposing the new campus paternalism means ignoring the consequences of the excessive drinking on college campuses, something administrations can no longer

do because of an explosion of lawsuits.

MIT freshman Scott Krueger had been participating in "Animal House" night at his fraternity in September 1997, during which "pledges" were required to drink preposterous amounts of beer and hard liquor. He lost con-

These lawsuits have forced college administrations to take a second, sober look at drinking on campus.

sciousness and was abandoned on a couch to die. An autopsy revealed that his blood-alcohol level was five times the legal limit. A grand jury concluded that "the cause of Scott Krueger's death—in real terms—was the wanton and reckless conduct on the part of the Phi Gamma Delta fraternity" (alone). No doubt. But the family has filed a civil suit against the larger university anyway.

Similar cases abound. By 10:30 one night in August 1997, more than \$2,000 worth of alcohol had been served to Benjamin Wynne and his fraternity brothers in a bar near Louisiana State University. More than 24 of those drinks were served to Wynne

before he passed out and was pronounced dead the next morning at his LSU fraternity. Matthew Garofalo, when a sophomore at the University of Iowa in 1995, died under similar circumstances at the Lambda Chi Alpha fraternity house. Like Scott Krueger's parents, the Garofalos and the Wynnes are suing.

Then there are cases involving drunken sex. Boston University student Jessica Smithers alleges that a university fraternity served her alcohol at a party and that, feeling intoxicated and without money for cab fare, she went to sleep in a spare fraternity room, awaking to find one of the fraternity brothers having sex with her. She claims that she was too drunk to fend off her attacker. She is suing BU because its fraternity served her alcohol despite the fact that she was only 17. At MIT, Angela Colt has filed suit not only against Matthew Keller, her alleged rapist, but also against MIT, the Delta Upsilon fraternity, and its national corporation for allowing underage drinking to occur.

All of these suits tend to deflect responsibility from where it truly belongs, but they have at least forced colleges to take a second look at their policies. Limiting access to dorm rooms of members of the opposite sex, for example, has resulted in fewer complaints about "unwanted guests" in dorms at Boston University. Beginning with the class of 2002, MIT freshmen will be required to live on campus. Cornell University, a school dominated by fraternity life, is also changing its campus housing policies, and building more dorms, as part of an effort to require freshmen and sophomores to live on campus. Princeton too has been drafting a new alcohol policy designed to monitor more closely its students' activities.

Of course, this doesn't represent a full return to the old world of *in loco parentis* regulations. Positive Norm and his video-game partners tell us only that excessive use of alcohol can lead to unwanted pregnancies, disease, injury, and even death. Moral education isn't an intended part of this program. But it may be a happy by-product. **NR**



GOLD

When you read today's headlines, you'll realize it's the only real "Long term capital."



A portfolio without gold is no longer a luxury you can afford.

Jim Blanchard's

JEFFERSON COIN & BULLION, INC.

2400 Jefferson Hwy., Suite 600 • Jefferson, LA 70121 • 1-800-593-2584 • www.jeffinc.com

Bananas Are the Beginning

A war brews between the United States and Europe.

DAVID PRYCE-JONES

A TRADE war between the United States and Europe over bananas grown elsewhere, for heaven's sake! The summoning of ambassadors, hot-line telephone calls, punitive tariffs, convenings in the halls of Geneva (that ill-fated home of lost peace)! This might appropriately provide a theme for a comic opera, with chorus girls in yellow tutus and soldiers singing "boom, boom, boom" as they fire toy cannons. The issue is palpably absurd. The rights and wrongs of it are about evenly distributed. In the welter of accusations and profit-seeking, neither the banana companies nor the government officials involved emerge with credit. The World Trade Organization exists to arbitrate cases like this according to the principles of free trade, and it ought to be the business of a half-hour.

More than a silly blip, though, these bananas are a cloud no larger than a man's hand, a warning of what is to come. Just over the horizon, forces have long been mustering that will enlarge that cloud into a storm, with every potential for historic disaster. The United States and Europe are at a parting of the ways. A political bloc is emerging in the form of the European Union that likes to see itself as a challenge to America. Europe gave the world Nazism and Communism, and out of the same vicious old matrix another doctrinaire cause has come alive.

Anti-Americanism is a subject kept under wraps, on the verge of a taboo. Ordinary people in Europe recognize their debt to America, and they welcome Americanization—even, perhaps especially, in its more mundane aspects, such as fast food and Hollywood movies. Suffering these many years from dismal leadership at home, they no longer have confidence in what used to be the high civilization of Europe, and look to America for an example.

Mr. Pryce-Jones, the London-based scholar and journalist, is author of *The Strange Demise of the Soviet Empire* and *The Closed Circle: An Interpretation of the Arabs*.

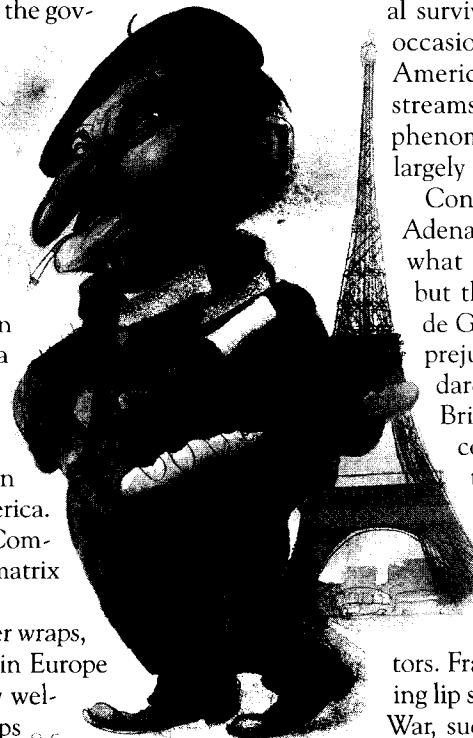
Thanks to its parliamentary democracy, Britain has long been as stable a country as any. Democratic tradition, language, and much common history have fastened essential links with America, almost an identification with it. But nothing comparable exists on the continent, where frontiers, monarchic or republican constitutions, totalitarian regimes and ideologies, have come and gone in bloodshed and revolution throughout the century. Time and time again, the task facing European leaders has been the primary one of national

survival, and they have failed to rise to the occasion. In their gratitude towards the America that has come to the rescue flow streams of envy and humiliation. A complex phenomenon, today's anti-Americanism is largely elite-driven.

Conservative politicians such as Konrad Adenauer or Enoch Powell sometimes resented what they considered American arrogance, but they were few and far between. General de Gaulle was a special case, and his visceral prejudice implanted what is by now the standard opinion in France that America and Britain are engaged in an Anglo-Saxon conspiracy on the lines of the Protocols of the Elders of Wall Street to take over everything in sight. There has been no such thing as an Anglo-Saxon for about a thousand years now, but the phrase features in the daily discourse of French politicians and commentators.

France withdrew from NATO. While paying lip service to American interests in the Cold War, successive West German chancellors pursued a policy of appeasement towards East Germany, which could only strengthen Soviet interests.

In the doldrums of the Cold War, a handful of German and French politicians and intellectuals elaborated a strategy to launch a federal union. A determination that these two countries should never again go to war was the worthy initial impetus. History is already being rewritten to present these men as true visionaries, but for a long time they sounded only like utopians and self-serving fantasists. Persisting, however,



Roman Genn

they widened their project to involve other European countries. By means of a series of treaties, they bound themselves closer, harmonizing as much policy and social detail as possible in every field. They undertook every risk, turning a blind eye to the obvious obstacle—that language, ethnicity, religion, law, custom, and historic experience divide all the countries of Europe one from another.

With the collapse of the Soviet Union, Europe had a political hiatus in which to experiment with the reinvention of the continent, East and West. As in any historic process, accident and personality were to interact unforeseeably. Reunification of its two halves restored Germany to a position of unquestioned preeminence in Europe. But Helmut Kohl, the German chancellor, was almost as alarmed at this development as President Mitterrand of France. Both of them seem genuinely to have believed that Germany had to be tied down in Europe, and that Europe had to tie up Germany.

On the one hand loomed the fear of German aggression. As a longtime foreign-affairs panjandrum in Bonn, Egon Bahr, put it, "Without the European Union, Germany may go ape again." On the other hand, here was an opportunity. The American troops stationed in Europe, and even the NATO alliance itself, no longer served a very clear purpose. Horst Teltschik, Kohl's foreign-affairs advisor, wrote, "It is a good thing for every superpower to have a rival of equal strength, keeping the scales in balance. . . . As a European, I say that a Europe in the process of integration should take on such a role." With no further consideration of the longer-term political and social effects on its constituent nation-states, European union shifted from the realm of make-believe into reality.

SOVEREIGNTY LOST

By now, the European Union has fifteen members, a capital in Brussels, a president, twenty commissioners with executive and legislative powers (who are appointed by their governments and cannot be voted out of office), a large permanent staff, a court whose rulings supersede national law in an increasing number of areas, a parliament with almost no powers, a common currency called the euro, a central bank in Frankfurt, a budget, and an embryonic common defense force. Once more, European leaders have put at stake the survival of their nations as states. What does the union lack? Democracy, sovereignty, accountability, legitimacy, and any sustainable identity. Unless a remedy is found for such central flaws, the European Union must remain a political entity of a kind never seen before: a command bureaucracy.

For the British, a novel predicament has arisen, and baffling, too. Down the centuries, they have allied themselves with Prussians or other Germans against the French, or with the French against the Germans. Throughout the 18th century and up to the irretrievable breakdown in 1914, this balance of power contributed to peace. Now, the European Union, in practice a Franco-German alliance, has backed the British into a corner. In the first half of the Nineties, Prime Minister John Major proved unable to decide to what extent Britain was to throw in its lot with the EU. Hesitation destroyed him, along with the Conservative party.

Recently, Tony Blair, the present prime minister, ceased to engage in similar hesitations, which in his case may well have been insincere. His "National Changeover Plan," an official document with a thoroughly Soviet ring about it, announces that Britain is on course to jettison its national currency, to hand economic and fiscal policy over to the bank in Frankfurt, to incorporate new batches of European law and regulations that will harm employment, and to accept many more measures of harmonization and standardization already applicable on the continent. To give an example as typical as it is pertinent, the European Commission has specified—with



**The European Commission
has specified that bananas
must be at least 5.5 inches
long and 1.06 inches wide.**

a straight face—that bananas must be at least 5.5 inches long and 1.06 inches wide, and cannot be sold at all if they are "abnormally curved."

No doubt Blair is pro-American by inclination; he loses no chance to swear Boy Scout friendship with President Clinton, to commit British forces to Iraq and Kosovo, and to extol the free market as practiced in the United States. Europe, he lately assured the continent's leaders, had to become more like America if it were to prosper economically. He piously pointed out the lack of regulation and social costs that explains the high rate of employment in America.

Yet European leaders are so unimpressed, they mock Blair openly. With the single exception of Spain, all European governments are socialist, believers in social engineering and the welfare state, trade protection, regulation, and statism. To the French elite, America offers a horrid spectacle of *capitalisme sauvage*, which needs no translation. They and their German counterparts like to proclaim that they are building "the Social Market," a slogan in whose name they saddle employers with non-wage costs and social-security benefits of every kind, and then express dismay at levels of unemployment not seen since Hitler's day.

So Blair has trapped himself in contradiction, double-talk, and hypocrisy. His attempt to ingratiate himself with America and Europe at the same time cannot be sustained with conviction or for long. The "National Changeover Plan" in fact signposts the choice he prefers. Handing over to Brussels the power to decide its future, Britain is to become a member of the European Union on the same footing as the others. Its parliamentary democracy and its law have to adapt to a continental model. This radical reshaping of Britain's identity can only smash the links maintained at so many levels with America. In due course Britain will acquire the solid ideological anti-Americanism of Brussels.

Why has American support for the EU been enthusiastic and continuous since its inception as an unlikely utopia? Why have successive administrations been unable to perceive that Europe has no conceivable ideology to bind it together except the latent anti-Americanism of its founders

and leaders? Seemingly, Americans suppose that their own union must provide the one and only satisfactory model for all others. Or perhaps they cannot imagine they will be punished for the good deeds they have done Europe over the century.

On a visit to Germany in July 1994, President Clinton declared that he welcomed the emerging European Union, and Germany's leading role in it. Repeating what his predecessors in the White House had said, he evidently had no idea that he was helping to scuttle Britain's last chance of restoring some balance of power on the continent, and also junking its "special relationship" with America. The child he



In many organizational, social, and intellectual respects, the European Union is the successor to the Soviet Union.

was so gladly baptizing was already visibly a rebellious adult about to grow into an outright opponent. In speech after speech, Jacques Delors, then president of Europe, was promoting the coming euro on the grounds that it would rival the dollar and become the world's favorite reserve currency. Why this is necessary or advantageous is unexplained, but officials in Brussels repeat it with the regularity of a war-chant.

Not until late 1997 did an influential American—the economist Martin Feldstein of Harvard—speak of the likelihood that union would “lead to conflicts in Europe and confrontations with the United States.” The evidence was already piling up fast. Brussels was responsible for a maze of subsidies, grants, exemptions, derogations, and anomalies, all interfering with trade in subterranean ways that could not readily be grasped by the public, and certainly not policed or even audited. Corruption exploded throughout the continent on a scale hitherto unknown. To protect their easy money, fishermen, farmers, import-export haulers, and others simply took the law into their own hands, physically attacking those who stood in their way at customs' posts or ports, burning lorries or live animals and other cargoes.

Only a satirist of genius could have envisioned that in March 1995 Spain and Canada would wage a fishing war. Entering Canadian waters in disregard of international law, Spanish trawlers called for the support of Brussels, and scandalously received it. The British fishing fleet happens to be a national interest wholly wrecked by Brussels, and its ships, rather than show support for their European counterparts, mutinously ran up the Canadian flag. In this case Brussels gave way not long after

Canadian naval vessels fired (literal) shots across the bow.

The Airbus, built by a European consortium, provided a subsequent round. The Americans rightly point out that it is receiving improper subsidies that damage Boeing, its sole competitor. The European reply is that Boeing too receives subsidies through defense contracts. The refusal by Brussels to allow a proposed merger between British Airways and American Airlines was perceived by many as retaliation. On the grounds that American-built aircraft engines are impermissibly loud, Brussels is seeking to keep them out of European skies altogether.

These trade disputes are growing in range and acrimony. For ten years now, American hormone-treated beef has been banned by the EU. The World Trade Organization has ruled that the EU must lift its ban this May. Normally curved bananas of 5.5 inches will be small stuff compared with the beef dispute that now looks unavoidable. Republican congressman Jim Kolbe asked, “If the EU won't abide by World Trade Organization decisions on bananas, how will we ever get them to agree on anything else down the road?” In response to which Eurocrats like Glenys Kinnock—a member of the European Parliament and wife of Neil, the former British socialist leader who was unelectable at home but characteristically has since mutated into a European commissioner—bluster about U.S. bullying and blackmail.

SOVIET UNION REDUX

Pinpricks, you might say. Mere operetta. But Europeans already disregard and frustrate wider American national interests and foreign policy. Even as he appealed for American intervention in Kosovo, Tony Blair was making another speech to the effect that Americans should not be sorting out matters European. All European countries took offense at the Helms-Burton anti-Cuba law and the U.S. call to contain Iran through trade sanctions. With the backing of its government, Elf-Aquitaine, the French oil company, signed a \$540 million deal with Iran. Meanwhile, French and German businessmen assiduously find ways to get around the sanctions imposed on Iraq.

Think seriously now: In many organizational, social, and intellectual respects, the European Union is the successor to the Soviet Union. There is no secret police, of course, and no Gulag. But the command bureaucracy of Brussels similarly denies national identity in the name of an abstract idea, imposing one-size-fits-all measures on hugely divergent peoples. The EU has taken over the Soviet role as a conduit in the world for anti-Americanism. Like the Soviet Union before it, the European Union will sooner or later collapse under the weight of its inherent contradictions. By then, however, it may have done irreparable damage to all concerned.

NR



United They'll Fall

Europe's grand delusion.

MARK STEYN

THE Europeans are never attractive when they're in one of their periodic cocky phases. Eight years ago, you may remember, Jacques Poos, foreign minister of Luxembourg and the European Union's chief negotiator with a disintegrating Yugoslavia, told the Americans to butt out and declared: "The hour of Europe has come!" Well, the hour of Europe came and went: A few hundred thousand corpses later and the EU was only too grateful for the Americans to butt in again.

A year ago, it was Klaus Friedrich of Dresdner Bank, over in the U.S. to address an economic conference. "Henry Kissinger used to say, 'If I want to call Europe, whom do I

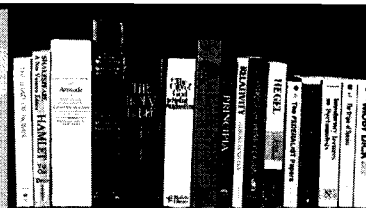
call?' Well, here's the number," Herr Friedrich announced with a flourish, and read out the hotline for the new European Central Bank. I don't know whether Kissinger's tried it yet, but I'd advise him to hurry: Given that the euro's fallen by 8 percent against the dollar in its first two months, at the present rate EuroTelecom—or whatever they're called—should be suspending service for non-payment of bills round about Labor Day.

Maybe I'm wrong. Maybe the EU will forge a policy on Kosovo that doesn't depend on the vainglorious fantasies of the colossus of Luxembourg, a country barely larger than Hartford, Conn.; maybe the euro will rebound to supplant the dollar as the world's leading currency, as the continent's chancelleries believe; and maybe I'll stop laughing long enough to finish this sentence. The Europeans may be fully confident of their grand "project," but I don't think we need to start worrying about Eurohegemony just yet.

Still, if you want a working model of European union, you should have been in Birmingham last May, as Bill Clinton was. It's not often that England's decayed industrial heartland gets the chance to host two major international gatherings within a week: on the one hand, the G-7 (now G-8) economic summit; on the other, the Eurovision Song Contest. I don't know what the president's schedule was like, but I'm sure if he'd strolled over to the convention center he'd have enjoyed himself—not least with the glamorous Israeli entry, the transsexual chanteuse Dana International. Back in Tel Aviv, the public was bitterly divided over a transsexual's representing Israel, though, as things turned out, Dana won the contest—a tremendous victory not just for a

Mr. Steyn is a columnist for Britain's *Daily Telegraph* and Canada's *National Post*.

SUMMER GREAT BOOKS PROGRAM FOR HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS August 1 - 13, 1999



Designed for students who have completed at least three years of high school, this program offers an opportunity to exercise the mind, the spirit and the body. The classes will be conducted, as all classes at Thomas Aquinas College, using the Socratic method of discussion. These will be guided by full-time faculty of the College, with no more than fifteen students.

The two week course includes Sophocles' *Antigone*, the *Crito* of Plato, the *Declaration of Independence*, and readings from *Genesis*, Kierkegaard's *Fear and Trembling*, Shakespeare, Euclid, Pascal, C.S. Lewis and more.

Mass will be celebrated daily, and at least one chaplain will be available on campus at all times.

Intense thinking should be tempered with rest and play, and the location of the College is ideal for recreation of all sorts. Besides daily sports, an occasional movie, and hiking in the hills surrounding the campus, there will be trips to such places as Los Angeles to attend a concert or visit a museum, and to Santa Barbara to enjoy the beach and the historical sites of the city.

The \$675 cost includes housing, meals, books and organized activities off campus.



Contact Thomas J. Susanka, Director of Admissions.
Thomas Aquinas College, Box 105, 10000 North Ojai Road, Santa Paula, CA 93060
(800)634-9797 www.thomasaquinas.edu

THOMAS AQUINAS COLLEGE

singer who's changed sex, but also for a country that's changed continents: The last time I looked at the map, Israel was not, in fact, in Europe—unless it's got an occupied East Bank the rest of us haven't heard about. Doubtless Clinton was impressed: The "Euro" in Eurovision encompasses Israel, Turkey, and half of North Africa; in the U.S., the "World" bit in the World Series barely extends to Toronto.

In fairness to Eurovision, not all its participating countries



The last fellow to preside over a united continent was Adolf Hitler, and it didn't work out well.

are in the Middle East. For example, I first figured out the old Yugoslav federation was done for when I watched the 1990 Eurovision contest in Zagreb. The charming hostess, Helga Vlahovic, presented her fair country as the perfect Eurometaphor: "Yugoslavia is very much like an orchestra," she cooed. "The string section and the wood section all sit together." Tell it to the Croatians, Slovenians, Bosnians, and Kosovo Albanians, I snorted. And, alas, within a few months the wood section had attacked the strings and the brass, and the hills were alive only with the ancient siren songs of ethnic cleansing and genital severing. Yugoslavia was no longer the orchestra, only the pits.

Unfortunately, the European Commission tends to take the same sappy line as Helga. That's why they persisted with the delusion that Yugoslavia could be maintained intact even after it had effectively ceased to exist. But then reality counts for little in the EU. The new euro notes, for example, are decorated by scenic views of prestigious public buildings, just as many other currencies are: On the U.S. and Canadian bills, for example, you'll find the White House and the Houses of Parliament and so forth.

The only difference is that the scenes on the euro are entirely fictitious: Like the Lost City of Atlantis or the planet Krypton, they live only in the boundless Euroimagination of the Brussels planners, but for that very reason—the fact of their non-existence—they're felt to be more healthily pan-European than the prosaically nationalist bricks and mortar of Big Ben or the Parthenon. The euro gives you an insight into the backwards thinking of the European project: 1) great powers show symbols

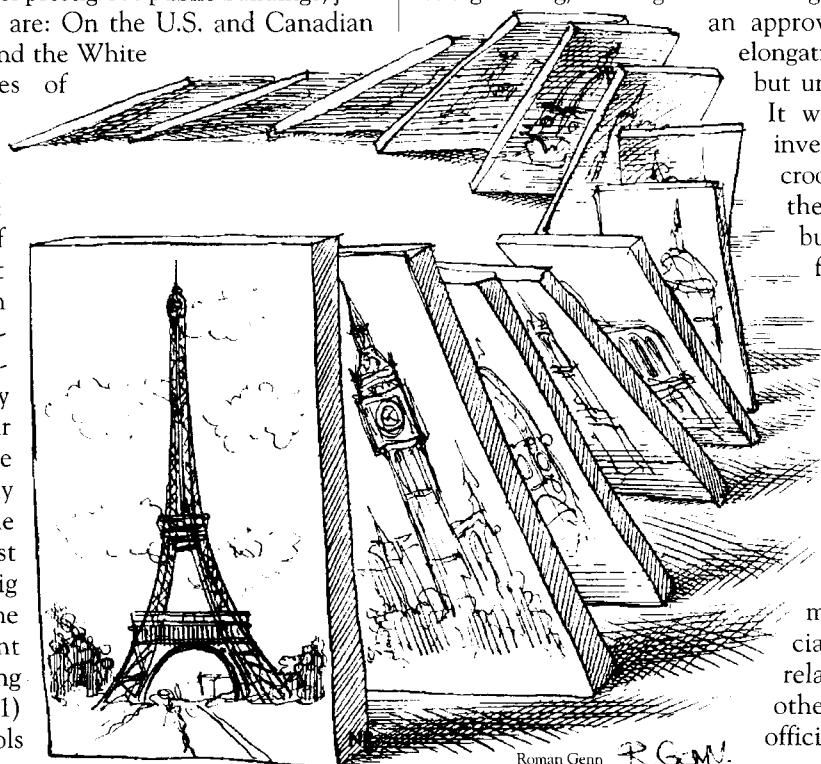
of national identity on their currency; 2) but we've acquired a currency before we've acquired a national identity; 3) so we'll pencil in the symbols and build them later—*pas de problème!* This is, after all, a body that set up a tribunal to adjudicate whether a Jaffa Cake—a quintessentially British delicacy comprising tasteless sponge under a layer of orange goo and chocolate-flavored vegetable fat—should be officially classified as a cake or a cookie. Likewise, until recently the EU's official position on Macedonia, another former Yugoslav republic, was that, yes, they were prepared to recognize Macedonia but only by a name that isn't "Macedonia." If Macedonia had been prepared to call itself, say, North Dakota, it would have been eligible for Euro-aid immediately. If it had been willing to be reclassified as a Jaffa Cake, it could have joined the EU as a full member.

CROOKED FRUITS

The last fellow to preside over a united continent was Adolf Hitler, and it didn't work out well. But they've learnt from the failure of the Blitzkrieg. This latest attempt at European union is a sort of Blitzkrieg, an accumulation of trivialities. Imagine if every aspect of life in the United States were governed by the FDA, if every thing you did had to be standardized, approved, and labeled: That's the European Union. They've got a standardized Eurocucumber and a standardized Eurocondom to put it in. If you've been following the escalating transatlantic Banana War, you'll know that the EU is standing up for the curved Afro-Caribbean banana presently under threat from the Yankee-backed Latin "dollar" banana. An admirable position, gastronomically. But why are the EU apparatchiks in Brussels (motto: "You don't have to be bananas to work here, but it helps") so concerned to defend the curved banana against the straight banana when, on the equally vexed question of cucumber curvature, the EU instituted mandatory straightening, refusing even to recognize the crooked cuke as

an approved vegetable? Why is elongation mandatory for cukes but unacceptable in bananas?

It would be interesting to investigate EU policy on the crookedness of fruits, but at the moment the EU's too busy investigating the fruits of crookedness with a belated inquiry into corruption and cronyism that's just resulted in the resignation of the entire governing commission. (One reason, incidentally, that the Continentals are so "sophisticated" and relaxed about sexual misconduct by public officials is that they're also relaxed about all kinds of other misconduct by public officials: If you agree, as



FREE OFFER VORTEX

America's most controversial Journal

Bill Clinton is the most corrupt president America has ever known - and VORTEX, the new monthly journal with breaking internet news, exposes the truth about Bill and his wife Hillary. From transferring America's top military secrets to Communist China, to the heisting of nearly 1,000 FBI files on their political enemies, Bill Clinton's White House is riddled with corruption.

Clinton dodged impeachment largely because he succeeded in deluding the American people. Forget Monica Lewinsky, the real issues are treason, bribery, abuse of power and selling out our country! Clinton remains in office for now, but he will be powerless if the public turns against him.

The best way to learn the truth about Clinton, Congress and corrupt media is to enter your FREE trial subscription to VORTEX, edited by award-winning journalist Christopher Ruddy.

Newsweek named Ruddy a "star of the new news" — one of just 20 people "changing the way Americans get their news."

60 Minutes reported that Ruddy was responsible for changing American public opinion about the death of deputy White House Counsel Vincent Foster — more than two-thirds of Americans do not accept the official conclusions.

Ruddy's reporting on the Foster case has been widely praised: Thomas Sowell noted that Ruddy's work offered no conspiracy theory, but was "very carefully put together and very systematic in its analysis." Edward Koch said Ruddy is "honest, a serious reporter who has raised important questions." Former

FBI Director William Sessions said Ruddy is "tenacious, his reporting is serious and compelling." Brent Bozell noted that "If Ruddy were a leftist, he'd have a fistful of awards."

Again and again, Ruddy has been the first reporter to expose massive White House corruption. Presidential spokesman Mike McCurry and White House attack dog James Carville have both called reporter Christopher Ruddy the Clinton's Number One press enemy.

Here is the type of stories you'll find in VORTEX:

→ Jane Doe #5. Juanita Broadrick's most sensational allegations about Bill Clinton were first broken in VORTEX. VORTEX first revealed the secret ABC News memo about Jane Doe #5 and exclusive details of why NBC tried to censor Lisa Myers' interview with this woman.

→ Is Russia arming for war while Clinton emasculates our military? You'll be stunned to learn how Clinton is neutering our armed forces and destroying crucial defense systems while "our friends, the

Russians" add to their arsenal of 30,000 nuclear weapons — most aimed at us!

→ Did Clinton win acquittal through terror tactics?

VORTEX reveals that former Clinton aide Dick Morris claims that Hillary Clinton masterminded a "secret police" operation right out of the White House. You'll also learn that the misuse of FBI files was just the tip of the iceberg of the Clintons' ruthless tactics to stay in power.

→ The real Y2K threat. Why power outages and food shortages may be the least of your worries. A top Russian defector warns that Y2K may lead Russia to launch a surprise attack against America.

Free Trial Offer — No Risk, No Obligation

Thousands of Americans are now turning to VORTEX to find out the truth about what really goes on in the White House, Congress and behind the scenes at establishment news media.

Each edition of VORTEX is jam-packed with stories the establishment news media just won't report. Each issue has special reports by Chris Ruddy, Carl Limbacher Jr., Jeffrey Nyquist and many others.

☐ **FREE TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION:** Sign me up for a free trial subscription to VORTEX. I understand I will get THREE free issues without any risk or obligation.

☐ **BONUS RON BROWN VIDEO OFFER:** One-year VORTEX subscription special introductory rate just \$39.95. I understand I can cancel at any time and get a full refund. As a special bonus I will receive FREE the chilling video *The Death of Ron Brown* with all the pictures of the crash and examination, narrated by an Air Force Lt. Colonel. This also comes with Chris Ruddy's special report on the Brown cover-up. That's a \$69 offer for less than \$40 — and the tape is mine to keep, even if I cancel my subscription for a full refund. Z01

☐ **BEST OFFER:** Two additional FREE bonuses. Sign me up for a two-year subscription for only \$69.95. I understand I will receive two ADDITIONAL Free Bonuses: *The TWA 800 Cover-Up Report* by former Naval commander Bill Donaldson and an audiotape: *The Bill Clinton Story: Sex, Lies and Audiotape*. Keep all these bonuses — an \$80 value — even if you cancel and receive a full refund. Z02

FOR FASTEST SERVICE
Bonus and Best Offers Only
1-800-NEWSMAX
24-hours-a-day, 7 days-a-week

Payment Method

☐ Check ☐ Money Order ☐ Credit Card: ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard ☐ AMEX

Account # _____ Expire Date _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Street _____

City/State/Zip _____

Make checks payable to VORTEX, send mail orders to:
VORTEX Subscription Center • PO Box 3000 • Denville, NJ 07834

4-5006

On the Web check out www.Newsmax.com

France did, to put the president's mistress up in state-funded apartments, you generally find it doesn't stop there.)

So you can understand why these guys were reluctant to kiss off Yugoslavia. Although British Euroskeptics warn incessantly of Brussels's secret plan to create a United States of Europe, the fact is the EU is closer to the bogus federations of Communism: If you're wondering, for example, how it came about that the Luxembourg foreign minister is making



The president of the European Commission has more power over Wales than Bill Clinton has over New Hampshire.

Europolicy on Bosnia, that's because the European Union has a rotating presidency; and if you're thinking, "Hmm. A rotating presidency. Where have I heard that before?," try Yugoslavia. In the EU, as in Yugoslavia and the Soviet Union, real nationalisms are unconvincingly replaced by an ersatz identity imposed from the top by a centralized elite and intended to obscure the fact that the constituent parts have nothing in common. The EU *looks* like a nation: It has a flag, a national anthem, a common passport, even a citizenship. But it doesn't have the inner organs: democracy, accountability, or even any basic constitutional principles. The unelected, unaccountable president of the European Commission has more power over England and Wales than Bill Clinton has over Vermont and New Hampshire—and at least Clinton, in all his imperial impotence, is elected. American federalism is built from the ground up, with the central government's powers explicitly limited. The European system, by contrast, is a kind of Cartesian politburo and would be repugnant to any American.

But, as Britain and (in any meaningful sense) its constitutional monarchy and common law slip down the Eurinal of history, British Euroskeptics still don't understand what they're up against, their muddled thinking summed up by former chancellor of the exchequer Norman Lamont's claim that, in a federal Europe, Britain would "have more resemblance to the State of Delaware than to a sovereign independent government." As every Delawarean should tell him: You should be so lucky, pal. In the things that count, Delaware is more independent of Washington than Britain is of Brussels. When Pete du Pont was governor of the state, he introduced a temporary gas tax to pay off the deficit, and then abolished it. In 1996, John Major's government wanted to reduce the duty on ultra-low sulphur diesel, but couldn't get permission from Brussels. Conversely, if Gov. du Pont had decided to

increase the deficit, no one in Washington would have fined the state for breaching any "stability pact" or failing to meet "convergence criteria."

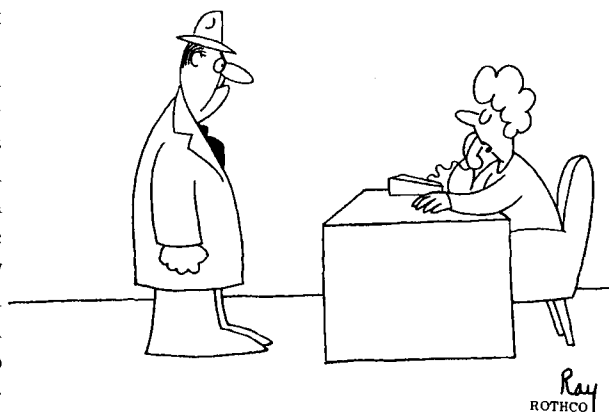
Perhaps it'll all work. Perhaps, simply by regulating it into being, a common binding European identity can be forged. But, as to what sort of identity it will be, consider again the Eurovision Song Contest: You bring together the rich musical traditions that gave the world Bach, Mozart, Vivaldi, Purcell, Debussy, and Grieg, and what do you get? You get "La-La-La" (winner, 1968), "Boom-Bang-A-Bang" (1969), "Ding-Dinge-Dong" (1975), "A Ba Ni Bi" (1978), "Diggy Loo Diggy Ley" (1984), and my personal favorite, "Lat Det Swinge," the 1985 winner by the Norwegian group Bobbysocks. The above songs are nominally sung in Spanish, Dutch, Swedish, and even English, but in fact it's the universal language of Eurogibberish: "Ja, ja, boogie, baby, mit der rock 'n' roll." So much for multiculturalism.

WHAT COMMON CULTURE?

Culture tells. Long before Mrs. Thatcher began exasperating her soi-disant Europartners, you knew from Eurovision that the British were never really going to fit in: While the Dutch, Italians, and Germans took the contest deadly seriously, the British treated it as one big joke. If you've got the Beatles and Stones, it's hard to swallow "Ding-Dinge-Dong" as the summation of pan-European pop artistry. Unfortunately, to build a political union, you need something more compelling than shared trading arrangements. Europe fails that test: You can tell from the lack of labor mobility—and from "Diggy Loo Diggy Ley." Perhaps a shared identity will develop in time. But the Eurograndees are in a hurry: They're pushing ahead with a Euroharmonization program far more ambitious than even the Führer contemplated. Their position is that the nation-state is finished—and, to be fair, viewed from their Fifth Republics and Third Reichs, that's not unreasonable: The Continentals are utterly hopeless at nation-states. Europe's supposed to be the "Old" World, but in what sense? Italy's constitution dates from the 1940s, France's and Germany's from the 1950s, Spain's, Portugal's, and Greece's from the 1970s, Belgium's from circa a week ago last Tuesday. The desire for something new is understandable, but one can only marvel at an anti-

U.S. bias so strong it leads them to model their new union not on the world's most successful federation but on Yugoslavia.

Ah, well. What's obvious from Eurovision is that these people—Greeks and Irish, Belgians and Finns—are all still foreign to one another. Compared with the grand European project, even a Clintonized republic almost makes sense. Instead of our learning from them, they should be learning from us. At least then, when the European Union finally goes "Boom-Bang-A-Bang," we could say we told them so. **NR**



"Your nemesis is here to see you, sir."

TRADITIONAL RIGHTS

To search your home, police need a warrant based on reliable information of criminal activity from someone whose information the police can verify.

U.S. Constitution Fourth Amendment; Aguilar v. Texas, 378 US 108 (1964); Spinelli v. US, 393 US 108 (1964)

The right to be left alone — the most comprehensive of rights, and the right most valued by civilized men.

Justice Louis Brandels, Olmstead v. US, 277 US 438 (1928)

The government cannot deprive a person of property without due process of law.

US Constitution, Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments

"Property is more than the mere thing which a person owns. It is elementary that it includes the right to acquire, use, and dispose of it. The Constitution protects these essential attributes of property . . ."

Buchanan v. Warley, 245 US 60, 74 (1917)

"The right of the people to be secure in their persons . . . shall not be violated."

US Constitution, Fourth Amendment

[There is] a tradition and strong resistance of Americans to any military intrusion in civilian affairs. This tradition has deep roots in our history.

Chief Justice Burger, Laird v. Tatum, 708 US 1, 15-16 (1972)

The use of the military in domestic law enforcement was traditionally a criminal offense.

The Posse Comitatus Act of 1878, 18 USC 1885

RIGHTS LOST

Police can search your home based on an anonymous tip.

Illinois v. Gates, 462 US 213 (1983)

Police can ignore fences and "no trespassing signs" and search private property without a warrant.

Oliver v. US, 466 US 170 (1984)

Property may be taken from an owner who had no knowledge of its illegal use.

Bennis v. Michigan, US 116 S. Ct. 994, 134 L.Ed.2d 68, 74-79 (1996)

Property can be seized even if the owner is not prosecuted or even acquitted.

*US v. One Assortment of 89 Firearms, 465 U.S. 354, 361 (1984).
US v. Real Property Located at 6625 Zumirez Drive, 845 F. Supp. 725, 733 (1994)*

Testing bodily fluids for evidence of past drug use is permitted for many government employees, even when there is no suspicion that the employee used drugs or even without suspicion of widespread drug use among employees.

NTEU v. Von Raab, 489 US 656 (1989) Skinner v. RLEA, 489 US 602 (1989)

Amendments to the Posse Comitatus Act allow the military to serve as police within the United States, giving them the authority to enforce drug laws, operate equipment, conduct joint operations with police, and conduct training exercises. The military was designated by law to be the "lead agency" for interdiction efforts.

National Defense Authorization Act of 1982, sec. 905; 1989, sec. 1104; 1990 and 1991, sec. 1201; 1991 sec. 1004

Visit Drug War Facts at: www.drugsense.org

Common Sense for Drug Policy Foundation Kevin B. Zeese, President, 703-354-5694, 703-354-5695 (fax), csdp@drugsense.org

The French Connection

American culture conquers France?

ROB LONG

If you're ever in Paris and have a free afternoon, park yourself in a large pastry shop or *salon de thé*, order up a *café crème*, and lie in wait for a young American tourist. In Paris, in springtime, this is a matter of a few minutes.

If the *pâtisserie* is a fine one, with a full complement of traditional offerings, there will be a tray of golf-ball-shaped chocolate meringues, dotted with chocolate shavings. These are delicious. The trouble is, the French, with their elegant directness, call these tasty little things by a shocking name: *une tête de nègre* ("a Negro's head," for those of you who have forgotten your high-school French).

And what fun it is to sip some delicious coffee and watch an American college student pop into the *pâtisserie*, grope into his fanny pack for a few ten-franc coins, shove *Let's Go: Paris* into the back pocket of his jeans, survey the offerings under the glass, see the *têtes de nègre* all lined up, look at the little sign, written in that loopy, curvy French hand, and just totally, like, *freak out*.

Because to be an American student—actually, to be any kind of American at all these days—is to be tripwire skittish about race.

American tourists, even those who really love meringue, will almost always point to something else behind the case. Thousands of miles from home, some things still can't be said. And if that same American tourist, rattled by the innocent tray of chocolate-brown globes flecked by chocolate-brown nubs called *that*, somehow manages to knock his elbow on the edge of the case—perhaps nervously pointing to something, anything, but those things called *that*—he will be asked, in the politest tone of voice, if *Monsieur* has banged his *petit juif*.

The "little Jew." That's what they call the funny bone. Sorry, but that's what they call it. We all wish they called it something else—anything: the *petit* Swede, the *petit* Walloon, the *petit* Episcopalian—but they don't. In the same way, we all wish that those meringues, delicious as they are, were called something else—but they aren't. They call them what they call them, and our job as Americans is to pretend that we didn't hear what we heard.

In France, in 1999, it is still possible to eat a Negro's head and to bang your little Jew. And in Washington, D.C., if you use the word "niggardly" in a sentence, you get fired. It is theoretically possible, then, if you could somehow transport an

entire Parisian *pâtisserie* to, say, Crown Heights in Brooklyn, to start a race riot based entirely on a sweet.

Which is all to the good. Recently, as Americans have reacted to in-your-face marital infidelity with a collective eye-watering yawn, there have been smug assertions by television pundits and the people who purr on National Public Radio that Americans have become more sophisticated (translation: French) about sexual matters. We are no longer, apparently, a nation of Babbitts and small-timers. We're worldly, cynical, and tired (translation: French).

The driving goal of the American intellectual elite has been, ever since smashing Hitler's Europe, to get the American middle class to drink more wine, relax about sex, and cross their sevens. This we have dutifully done (for the most part), in our own American style. Thus, it isn't the *croissant* we enjoy so much as the Croissan'wich; not the wine but the wine cooler; not the grand two-household wife-and-a-mistress life that the late François Mitterand enjoyed, but the furtive ten-minute-between-meetings-don't-tell-my-scary-wife Bill Clinton situation.

We retain our ability to be shocked, and if it is only in the *pâtisserie*, and only for reasons of political correctness, well, then, at least that's something. But I suspect that we were shocked by Bill Clinton's actions—deeply shocked—and are slowly coming to grips with it. For all the talk about our cultural decay and the collapse of the American sense of rectitude—a sense, may we add, that allowed us to kick some Nazi butt and keep the Russians from nationalizing French pastries—one of the ways to detect the health of our culture is by keeping track of the number of foreigners who want to be just like us, and compare it with the number of us who want to be just like foreigners.



The goal of the American elite has been to get the middle class to drink more wine, relax about sex, and cross their sevens.

Last week, at an international conference of screenwriters, I was buttonholed by a slightly tipsy (is there any other kind?), slightly morose (is there any other kind?) Frenchman. He was upset, he said, about the recent French/Italian co-production of *Asterix*, a film version of the famous French comic books. It was whoppingly expensive, he told me. Somewhere around 350 million francs.

"How much is that in euros?" I asked, just to be difficult. He looked at me balefully, then shrugged. "Eet iz sixty millions of dollars, okay? Okay? And ze film iz crip. Toe-tal crip and shet."

I shrugged back. There is a lot of shrugging in France.

He told me that the goal was to make an American-style blockbuster, a spare-no-expense, heavy-on-the-special-effects spectacle. But it came out all wrong. It came out, apparently, very crip.

"We cannot make an American feelm," he said. "And so I am verry verry dee-prest."

Mr. Long, of Hollywood, writes NR's "Letter from Al" column.

"How's it doing?" I asked him. "Is it making any money?"
He shrugged. "Eet iz doing very whale. Eet iz making lots of money. I do not understand."

I told him that, very often, a picture does well despite the bad reviews. I told him that, in the United States, a rotten movie can be sold as a cultural event, so that, good or bad, the audience feels compelled to see it.

"So in a way," I said, "you succeeded in making an American blockbuster. You made a very expensive terrible movie that everyone wants to see. Congratulations. You're now officially Americans."

He looked at me for a moment, without shrugging.

"You are right," he said finally. "But for some ree-zone, zat makes me even more dee-prest."

There is no sophistication quite as satisfying as power. And no world-weary cynicism quite so comforting as a large three-bedroom, two-and-a-half-bath split-level, with a jumbo refrigerator filled with out-of-season vegetables, and three toilets that flush with gusto.

The whole idea that we are becoming more like *them*, and not the reverse, is ludicrous. It is wishful thinking on the part of the elites. It is laughable. And it tickles my funny bone. Or whatever.

NR

On Loyalty

Is it ever okay to betray a friend?

ROGER SCRUTON

IF I had to choose between betraying my country and betraying my friend, I hope I should have the guts to betray my country." E. M. Forster's notorious words were published in 1951, after the Second World War. But they remind us of the period between the wars, when so many of Forster's upper-class literary friends became agents and fellow-travelers of the Communist party. When people like Burgess, Maclean, Philby, and Blunt betrayed their country, their choice was not between their country and their friends, but between their country and its enemy. Nevertheless, it was with romantic images of friendship that they justified their conduct. In the homosexual circle in which they moved—the "homintern," as W. H. Auden aptly described it—the image of "the friend" had a special attraction. The friend was the symbol of the only loyalty that mattered, a loyalty that was private, secret, nurtured in opposition to the world of normal people. All rival obligations—to spouse, parents, family, and country—counted for nothing, being merely the philistine requirements of middle-class bores.

Of course, it may be doubted whether the members of the homintern actually experienced the "higher" loyalty that

inspired them. Their homosexual affairs seemed romantic only because they had to be concealed; in reality, the homintern were as fickle as any dealer in second-hand goods.

What mattered to them was not *actual* friends, but an *ideal* of friendship, whose charm consisted in the fact that normal society could not live up to it. Measured against this ideal, King and Country lost their claim to obedience. And to show their contempt for King and Country, the homintern threw in their lot with the Communists.

A FALSE ICON

Now one thing above all has been anathema to the Communist party, and that thing is loyalty—especially loyalty of a religious or patriotic kind. The first victims of Stalin's agents in Eastern Europe were those who had actively opposed the Nazis. It was not the collaborators and the traitors whom the Communists hunted down, but those who had fought for their country and who had taken part in its liberation. What the Communists wanted, and what they strove to create during their decades of rule, was a society so atomized by suspicion and fear as to be incapable of uniting against its oppressor. No loyalty was safe from the implacable hostility of the Party, not even loyalty to the Party itself. Those who had joined out of conviction and idealism were the first to go in any purge; for it had been apparent since the beginning of Lenin's experiment that the Party could trust only those who feared it, and not those who believed in it.

The story of the homintern is the story of objective loyalties sacrificed to subjective ideals. A false icon of loyalty helped to create a world in which real loyalty was treated as a crime. By playing with loyalty in private, the Cambridge spies helped to destroy it in public. Their Communism was really an anti-patriotism, just as their adulation of friendship was really a contempt for family life. The Communist party was able to conscript these essentially negative feelings, so helping the "outsiders" of bourgeois society to become its destroyers. We are still suffering, and perhaps will always be suffering, from the damage they caused.

The anti-patriotic and anti-bourgeois sentiments exploited by the Communists did not disappear with the death of socialism. On the contrary, they remain fundamental components of the left-wing outlook. Ordinary people understand loyalty as a natural condition, which binds them first and foremost to family and country. For the leftist, family and country are oppressive structures, whose claim to loyalty is at best provisional. The rival source of loyalty is now not the friend but the cause, and the cause may change from year to year. In E. M. Forster's day, the cause was International Socialism; in the Sixties, liberation; today it is the normalization of homosexuality; tomorrow it could well be the normalization of pedophilia. But in all these changes, one thing remains: the belief in an oppressive power structure, built into the state and its institutions, and animated by ignorant people defending the middle-class life. Hence the loyalties of ordinary people are the prime suspect.

E. M. Forster's ideal of friendship is a product of the English public-school system, with its Hellenistic culture and its romantic love of boys. By adopting it, the homintern made

Mr. Scruton, the philosopher, is author most recently of *The Intelligent Person's Guide to Philosophy*.

the cause less important than the people who pursued it. Their act of rebellion had a distinctly aristocratic air; it was a gesture of contempt for the middle classes, delivered from on high by an exclusive club of queens. Today's leftists are not would-be aristocrats but over-ardent democrats, who believe that power should belong to the victims. They treat their friends more as comrades in arms than as romantic idols. The friend is not the justifying icon of a creed, but the power needed to impose that creed on others. If he defects or hesitates, he is at once discarded. It is not for his sake, but for the sake of the cause, that you stand with him side by side against the enemy.

FROM FRIEND TO ENEMY

Hence, from the Jacobins to the Shining Path, revolutionary movements have been characterized by the constant purging of their innermost supporters. In free countries the fight is less bloody, and largely confined to the pages of high-brow magazines. But it is none the less vitriolic. As with religion, the ideological conflict conceals a more tribal hostility—a competition for territory and space, whether in the real world or in the world of academic sinecures. Historic ruptures—between Jacobin and Girondin, Bolshevik and Menshevik, Stalinist and Trotskyist, structuralist and post-structuralist, and so on—are really power struggles which make little sense outside the personalities engaged in them and the prizes to be won. Viewed in the context of these struggles, the leftist concept of friendship seems tenuous, to say the least. One false move and you change from friend to enemy, to be expelled from the ranks with public declarations of sadness, and regrets that you had changed so lamentably from the person you were. Such was the fate of Albert Camus, Raymond Aron, and Arthur Koestler.

The Left's experience of friendship—both the Forsterian ideal and the fissiparous reality—is brought into focus by the recent scandal involving the English left-wing journalist Christopher Hitchens. Sidney Blumenthal, President Clinton's spin-doctor, whom Hitchens refers to as his "old friend," denied to one and all that he had described Monica Lewinsky to the press as a "stalker." In a sworn affidavit,

Hitchens implied that Blumenthal was lying. Many people on the left believe that Hitchens volunteered this adverse testimony, or at any rate could have kept the matter to himself. In their eyes, Hitchens not only betrayed his friend. He did it on behalf of *them*—the reactionary forces of family, country, religion, and law, embodied in the person of Kenneth Starr. True, Hitchens did not betray his friend out of loyalty to his country. But that is only because America is not his country. Given half the chance, his critics no doubt think, he would betray his English friends for the sake of the Queen.

■

At every point in the Clinton saga,

disloyalty motivates the plot:

disloyalty to friend, spouse, and country.

■

Hence outraged leftists have begun to discover far worse faults in Hitchens than his ditching of Blumenthal. Katha Pollitt, in an open letter published in *The Nation*, asks, "Why should you, who call yourself a socialist, a man of the Left, help Henry Hyde and Bob Barr and Trent Lott? If Clinton is evil, are the forces arrayed against him better, with their 100 percent ratings from the Christian Coalition and their after-dinner speaking engagements at white supremacist clubs?" But her thought is soon ranging more widely. She has long suspected Hitchens of not being a feminist, of opposing abortion, of refusing "to respond to the serious and informed objections of women deeply versed in abortion history, law, politics, practice and experience." This is the sin that lies behind Hitchens's betrayal of Blumenthal—namely, that Hitchens is not a feminist; that he is unsound on abortion; that (horror of horrors) he sneers at the feminist obsessives who have made abortion into a leading academic subject. Betrayal of the friend is merely a sign of a deeper failing—betrayal of the cause.

Looked at from afar, the fracas is no more nor less repulsive than anything else in the Clinton-Lewinsky affair. But it helps to bring into focus the most important casualty of modern life, which is loyalty itself. At every point in the Clinton saga, disloyalty motivates the plot: disloyalty to friend, spouse, and country. No oath is honored, no commitment upheld. All is cunning and calculation. Even Linda Tripp, who blew the whistle, did so by a mind-boggling act of treachery. In this brave new world people don't really count: at best they are instruments in the pursuit of sex or fame or power. And the idea of that higher thing—the country and its institutions—on which all our commitments depend begins to look just as ridiculous as the leftists have always said it is.

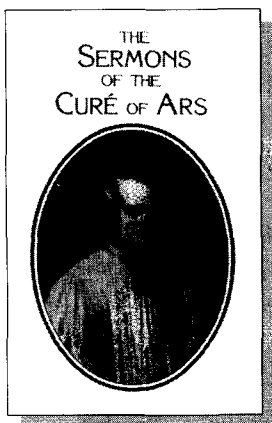
It is time, again, to consider the nature of loyalty, and its meaning for people in our condi-



If *these* sermons don't reach you, what will?

SAVE
66%
Hardcover, \$18.95
YOUR PRICE:
\$6.31

The man everyone called "the Curé of Ars" was at first denied ordination to the priesthood. His grades were poor, his Latin abysmal. Yet by the time he died, St. John Vianney knew more about human nature than any psychologist could hope to: Most of his days—and for that matter, most of his nights—were spent hearing confessions. And every day, he said Mass and preached. After he died, 85 sermons were discovered. Topics:



- "Have your religion in your heart?" Signs of the real thing
- "The dreadful state of the lukewarm soul"
- Moral blindness in casual Christians who generally think themselves clean-living
- The ways you can injure your neighbor
- How and to whom you must make restitution as a mark of sorrow for a sin
- "Many of you, my friends, are thieves"
- Three classes of people: those entirely for the world, those entirely devoted to God, and those who want to serve both
- "The path to perdition." What it is; why it isn't a Bible-thumping cliché
- The vanity of the world: easily recognized in the hour of death—at which point it may be too late
- Why death strikes terror in the hearts of most, but not of all
- Why whether we may die happily depends upon the life we are leading. How Vianney envisioned the Last Judgment
- Three ways to ensure a happy death
- Why we can't hope for miraculous conversions
- The brevity of your life
- Why "to deny God means becoming a slave to Satan"
- "How those who fear the world's criticism betray a weak and narrow mind"
- Why you need to do penance even after confessing sins. Ways to do it right

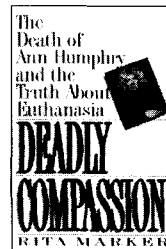
- How to practice the Faith in your home, among children and other family
- How to meditate on Christ and His love for man; for you
- "Frivolity in many marriages—God's blessing cannot attend them. God's curse often follows them"
- Why "envious men are even more malicious than the devil." Examples of envy in daily life. Curing envy
- "Two things especially dangerous to the soul"
- Defining the basic "interior and exterior enemies"
- Why temptations are sometimes "necessary"
- "The devil tempts most of all the elect"
- "Snares of the devil for the zealous in the service of God"
- "A sure sign that you are on the right path to Heaven"
- Understanding how the Holy Ghost works in your soul
- "How you can tell whether or not you are truly repentant"
- "Delay of Confession for a whole year is a bad sign"
- "God chastises like a good father." "Suffering due us." "Trials for the just"

Ever-present in Vianney's consciousness: the influence of the devil, and how people can uncover their hidden sins and flaws of character. N.B.: These are the only writings recorded by one of the holiest confessors in history.

DEADLY COMPASSION, by Rita Marker. When Ann Humphry—wife of Derek Humphry, founder of the pro-suicide Hemlock Society—got terminal cancer, she learned what her husband really meant by "compassion." So she turned to Dr. Marker, her old nemesis, for aid and comfort. This is an account of their friendship—and a bone-chilling exposé of the pro-suicide forces (e.g., Dr. Kevorkian) and how they think.

\$18.95 hardcover

Your price: \$9.95



ROMAN CATHOLIC BOOKS • P.O. Box 2286 • Fort Collins, CO 80522-2286			
TITLE	QTY.	SALE PRICE	TOTAL
<i>The Sermons of the Curé of Ars</i>		\$6.31	\$
<i>Deadly Compassion</i>		\$9.95	\$
Postage and handling—\$2.95 for first book; 75¢ each additional book			\$
Name _____ Address _____	TOTAL		\$
City _____ State _____ Zip _____	All orders must be prepaid.		

tion. The illuminating contrast is not with disloyalty, but with contract. Unlike a contract, loyalty has no conditions. It is ended not by a breach of its terms, but by a slow process of attrition, as its object piles disappointment upon disappointment. The most important example of personal loyalty in our culture has been marriage. Traditionally a marriage is a vow, not a contract. That is, it involves an existential commitment, a joining of one person to another, come what may and till death do them part. Such an unconditional union has a

■

We can understand the Sixties as a collective revolt against loyalty, in behalf of transient and self-interested deals.

■

sacramental character: It is a consecration of one's life. Religion therefore stands in the wing, even of the most secular marriage ceremony.

The sign of loyalty is not that you think and feel as the other does, but that you stay with him regardless. Very few modern friendships are like that. They are founded in a community of sentiment and purpose, and evaporate almost at once when sentiments are no longer shared. The same is increasingly true of marriage. The effort is no longer made to stay true to another through times of conflict. Instead marriage is treated like a contract, and every quarrel like a breach of its terms. The result is little short of catastrophic. The moral and cultural capital of society was stored in the institution of marriage, and passed on through the family to the children. Take away loyalty and this capital investment is irretrievably dispersed, and a new generation of lost souls enters the world, without any clear understanding of where they are going or why they are here.

Loyalty to country is likewise unconditional. If Americans have difficulty seeing this, it is because the Constitution makes it seem as though citizenship were a kind of contract—an exchange of promises, in which the citizen undertakes to obey the law and the state to uphold it. But as soon as we recognize that the state's protection is offered unconditionally, we will see that the same is true of the citizen's obedience. Wherever he is, and whatever he has done, the American citizen is entitled to his government's protection. And in times of emergency he can be called upon to lay down his life, whether or not he approves of the cause. (The disloyalty that has come to a head in the Clinton saga did not, of course, begin with Clinton's presidency, nor with his governorship. It was

there from the outset of his political career, as a student radical and draft-dodger.)

The unconditional nature of patriotic sentiment is one reason that the Left rejects it. It seems like an act of oppression, to require me to fight and die for my country, when its cause is not mine. But that, when all is said and done, is the essence of loyalty: that the cause espoused by the other is your cause, whether or not you understand it or approve of it. It is thus in lasting marriages, and it is thus in successful nations. This does not mean that your country's cause is always right, or that you should not protest against it. It means rather that, if you go against your country in a true emergency, this should not be a casual choice of yours, but the first step towards a lasting separation.

Loyalty to one's king or chieftain was the principal virtue among Anglo-Saxon tribes. Our earliest literature abounds in tragic battles, which are redeemed from their futility by the fact that every warrior willingly gave up his life for his chieftain. (See, for example, the *Battle of Malden*.) That is what loyalty consisted in. There was no such choice as the one envisaged by E. M. Forster: To betray one's country was to betray one's friends, and both required, in an emergency, the supreme act of sacrifice. There was no real division between private and public attachments, and the affections of private life—towards spouse, family, neighbors, and friends—fed into the patriotic sentiment that held everything together. Such unquestioning loyalty may seem irrational and absurd to a modern cynic; but it was functional. The triumph of Greece over Persia was due to the willingness of the Greek citizen to die for his city; and the rapid collapse of the great Arab armies in our time is explained by the total absence of loyalty to the tyrants who conscripted them.

In retrospect we can understand the Sixties as a collective revolt against loyalty, in behalf of transient and self-interested deals. That, more or less, is what "liberation" amounts to. In the Clinton saga we see the long-term effect of this. It is not edifying, but it is profoundly instructive. In this web of petty treacheries we discover the real meaning of Forster's remark. Those who think that friendship is more important than the love of country are jeopardizing both. By taking the *friend*, rather than spouse, or family, or country, as their paradigm, they take the first step towards replacing loyalty with something more transient. They bring loyalty to earth, and so disenchant it. In a democratic society, friendship is cheap: You

can have many friends, and each of them dispensable. True loyalties are not like that: Traditionally, you could have only one wife, only one family, only one king or country. By taking these as your paradigm, you made loyalty into a real social force; you prepared the way for sacrifice, and made treachery as repulsive to yourself as it would be to others. Americans used to understand this. Some of them still do. But no one involved in the White House soap opera has an inkling of it.

NR



■ LETTER FROM AL ■

ELIZABETH DOLE
WASHINGTON, D.C.

March 14, 1999

Hey Lover!

Well, I made the big announcement. Did you see it on CNN in Kosovo?

I wore the red—well, not red exactly, darker, my “Blood Drive” suit—and a white blouse which I accessorized simply. Had peach gels in all the lights. Did great!

I had a nice segment on *This Week* with Cokie (Has she had work done? Her eyes look great! Of course, her neck is her neck—what can you do? You have kids, you spend all that time on NPR with those sad-sack lesbians, you forget how to take care of yourself. Still, I’d kill for her eyes. I’m calling Dr. Schiffren tomorrow) and Sam (Love to get my hands on those jowls. Just snip, snip, snip, in-and-out in two days, tell everyone you went skiing, banged your head on a chair lift, bruises heal, you look like a million bucks, and let’s not get into the hairpiece). And George Will (bow tie this time, nice blue shirt really brought out the copper in his hair) wasn’t too tough. Talked about cultural renewal. Went over well.

Saw you on the news tonight. Two words, dear: chemical peel. You’re getting that “lived-in” look again. As soon as you get home, we’re both going in for one. And I’d like to get Dr. Schiffren to tuck your eyes in a little more (primary season is getting closer!!), and let’s talk about your ears again, okay? They still look a little “Pooh Bear” to me.

Well, I’d better sign off. My nighttime revitalizing facial mask has hardened and it’s time to put my hands into the moisturizing paraffin dip. After that I’m going to tape up my forehead, put on my lavender eye mask, pop in my teeth-whitening molds, and have Estelle read to me about Social Security reform.

See you when you get back!

Elizabeth

THE VICE PRESIDENT
WASHINGTON, D.C.

March 14, 1999

Dear Rusty,

Every now and then, an issue comes along that sort of crystallizes the national mood. In the Sixties, it was the war in Vietnam (which, as you know, I disapproved of but served in, pretty much like I’m doing now); in the Seventies, it was fuel efficiency; in the Eighties, it was timber practices; and in the Nineties, it’s the rotten way the airlines treat their customers.

I made a big announcement last week, calling for an “Airline Passengers Bill of Rights,” and it went over like gangbusters!

It’s a great way for me to connect with the voters. It’s sort of the reverse of that famous George Bush (the other one, not Mr. Everybody Loves Me) moment when he was surprised by the scanner at the supermarket. This is like saying, “Hey! I know what it’s like to be stuck on the tarmac and not get any information and get price-gouged!”

The only problem is that I don’t. I mean, for the last many years, obviously, it’s been pretty smooth, travel-wise. And when I was in the Senate, it was a steady Memphis–Washington National thing on a commercial airline. And they were great, too. The plane took off late only when I had been stuck in traffic. I don’t know if holding planes for frequent fliers is a regular thing, but I sure appreciated it.

So what I’m asking, Rust, is if you have any airline horror stories I could borrow. The week before last, when I made a big announcement about our Violence Against Women initiative, I had the same problem—so I sent around a memo asking for women to share their horror stories with me, and, well, it sort of got misinterpreted around here. Sticky subject.

But I’m fairly certain that I’m on safe, neutral, non-controversial ground here. So far.

Your pal, Al

HELD

OWMAN THE OREGONIAN 01999



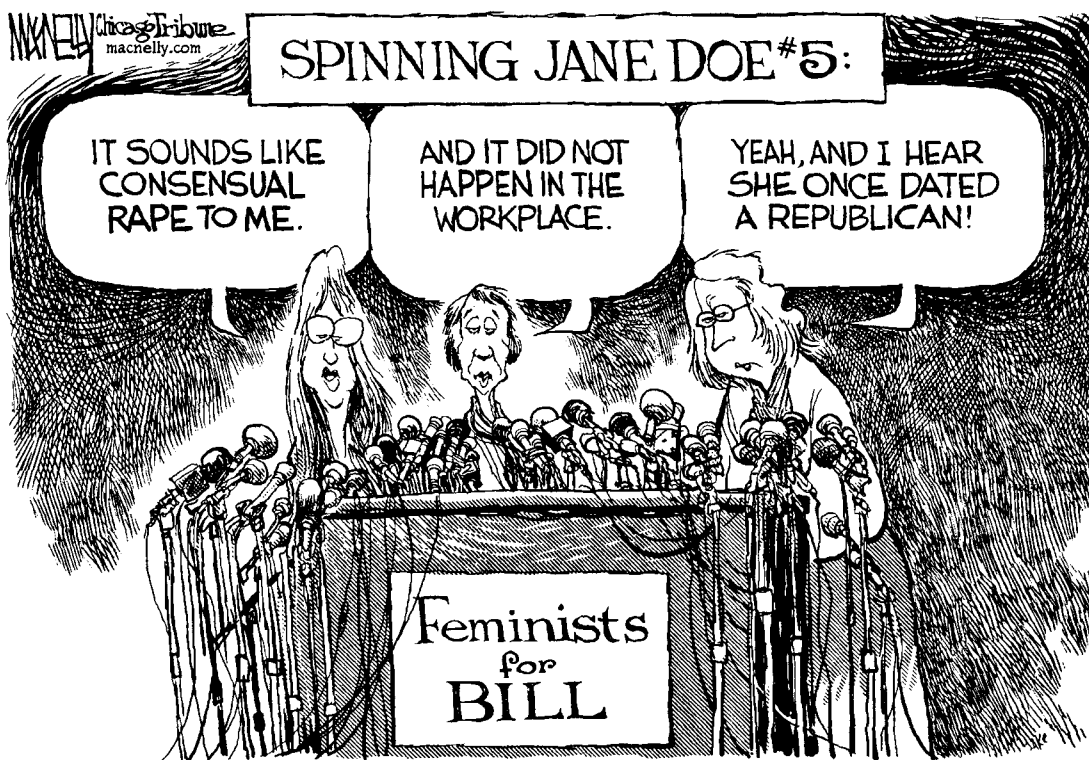
MACNELLY *Chicago Tribune*
macnelly.com

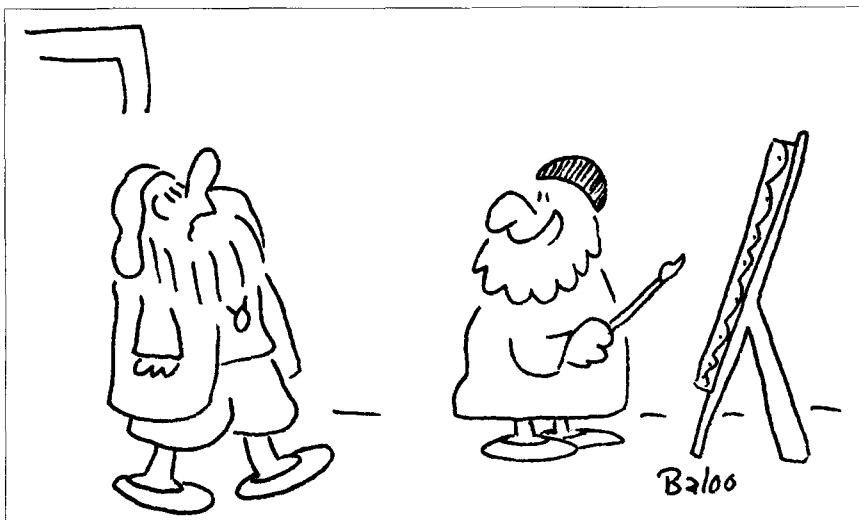
SPINNING JANE DOE #5:

IT SOUNDS LIKE
CONSENSUAL
RAPE TO ME.

AND IT DID NOT
HAPPEN IN THE
WORKPLACE.

YEAH, AND I HEAR
SHE ONCE DATED
A REPUBLICAN!





"How's it going down at the chapel, Michelangelo?"

GOSSIP

*Malice
in her green eyes,
kick and thrust enjoying,
just an old cat with a coarse yarn
toying.*

TOLERANT

*With friends
of each color,
each station, each steeple,
proud that some of his best friends were
people.*

NOSTALGIST

*He loved
the distant past
with a wistful passion
for the times that he had helped to
fashion.*

—GLORIA A. MAXSON

THE SKY IS NOT FALLING! THAT'S JUST A CROCK
OF PROPAGANDA FROM A BUNCH OF LEFT-WING
ENVIRONMENTALIST WACKOS!



Chicken Little, Age 40.



"Now do you see what I mean? She always leads."

BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

Girl Trouble

ARIANNA HUFFINGTON

Monica's Story, by Andrew Morton (St. Martin's, 288 pp., \$24.95)

ANDREW MORTON, the former court reporter who gave the world *Diana: Her True Story*, a confessional account of the wronged royal wife, has provided in *Monica's Story* a companion piece—a graphic account, though not as graphic as the Starr Report, of the buxom intern as wronged royal mistress.

One passage in particular sums up the book's delusional nature. On page 65, Monica Lewinsky realizes that "Bill Clinton was her sexual soulmate." This insight dawned on her as she "continued to pleasure him" while he "took a call from a congressman." It was their first sexual encounter. "We clicked at an incredible level," Monica gushed to Morton. "People have made it seem so demeaning for me but it wasn't, it was exciting and the irony is that I had the first orgasm of the relationship." That certainly is ironic, considering that the president testified under oath that he never touched her.

We are asked to suspend our disbelief while Morton and Monica portray as a fairy-tale romance what was really a series of furtive sexual encounters interspersed with long hours of silent vigil by the phone or behind rope lines. "They were in a genuine relationship," insists Morton on the same page as a scene from the president's 50th-birthday fundraiser. "At the party," he writes, "they enjoyed a secret erotic encounter." You want to know what it was? "In the crush

Mrs. Huffington is a syndicated columnist and author most recently of *Greetings from the Lincoln Bedroom*.



Monica Lewinsky
by Roman Genn

of people around him, she was able briefly to brush his crotch with her hand as he was greeting well-wishers." Morton's description of this desperate act as an erotic encounter is like a clock that strikes 13. It throws into question all that has gone before it and all that follows.

To understand how we got from casual crotch-brushing to hundreds of book buyers waiting outside Harrods in London to catch a glimpse of the brusher, we must look to history. A certain mystique has always surrounded the women who become the *grands amours* of rulers and kings, and it is this sense of romance, of grandeur and tragedy, that Morton attempts to graft onto Monica. But then again, his subject was clearly seeking such a mantle. In her letter addressed to "Dear Handsome" and titled "The New Deal," Monica reminded the president "that Franklin D. Roosevelt, President of the United States for a record four terms, would never have refused a visit from his long-standing mistress, Lucy Mercer."

Too late now, but if Monica had actually read the stories of Lucy Mercer, Diane de Poitiers, mistress of Henri II of France, or Madame de Pompadour, mistress of Louis XV, she might have hesitated before breathlessly describing her fleeting encounters with the president as

though they were episodes in one of the world's great love stories. Not only did Monica break the Biblical admonition against adultery—and against worshipping false idols, come to think of it—she broke just about every rule in the mistress manual. She believed the man when he told her he would leave his wife; she complained, cried, and threw tantrums when she couldn't see him; she became "a huge pest" to Betty Currie and the "meanies" in the royal court.

What the book makes clear is that Monica's capacity for self-deception was outmatched only by the president's capacity for deception. From his come-hither flattery—"You look really skinny"—to his manipulative tease that he might be available after he leaves the White House, the narrative confirms the president's unparalleled status as a pathological deceiver. Even Monica's eyes open for a few brief seconds: "Now I see him as a selfish man who lies all the time," she tells Morton. "That makes me very angry and resentful."

But not for long. The president knows unerringly how to bring her back into the fold. On the book's last page, at the end of Monica's deposition with the House managers, Nicole Seligman, a member of the president's defense team, reads a short statement: "On behalf of the president, we want you to know that he is very, very sorry for what happened." It worked perfectly on Monica: "With his statement I was hit by the fact that I don't have him in my life anymore. I felt his spirit was with me and it's hard to know that it's all gone. It has been taken away from me by these people."

Monica's search for a scapegoat leads her inexorably to Ken Starr and his "monsters." They are savaged in chapters with Hitchcockian titles like "Terror in Room 1012" and "The Starr Chamber" and even blamed for Monica's thoughts of suicide.

BooksNow

To order these books, (24hrs, 365 days)
please call (800) 962-6651 (Ext. 3700)
or visit us at <http://www.booksnow.com>

The truth is, Monica didn't need Starr's help to become suicidal. The book recounts an emotional night at a Washington steak house when she is told that actress Sherrie Densuk was "Jane Doe #7" in the Paula Jones case. "This was Monica's worst nightmare come true," writes Morton, whose cloying, hyperbolic style is so relentless that by this point you almost stop noticing it.

It meant that the president had been seeing another woman at the same time he was conducting a relationship with her. She had been duped. She rushed to the bathroom where she burst into uncontrollable sobbing. "If there was a Jane Doe #7," she says, "it meant that everything he had ever said to me was bullsh-t, that I meant nothing to him and that the whole two-year relationship was a farce."

Like, duh!

When she got back to her apartment, Monica "debated whether to take an overdose of pills or slit her wrists." History does not record whether she asked herself: What would Lucy Mercer do? What would Madame de Pompadour do? Perhaps they, too, would have called their therapists, as Monica did. Dr. Susan helpfully pulled her "back into the land of the living."

Throughout history, mistresses have shared the lives of powerful men. According to Demosthenes, the men of Athens "had courtesans for the sake of pleasure, concubines for the daily health of our bodies, and wives to bear us lawful offspring and be the faithful guardians of our homes." By that definition, Monica was a concubine, taking care of the presidential plumbing, who tried to convince herself that she was really a courtesan, dispensing pleasures of body, soul, and mind. (Incidentally, whatever happened to her advice on education policy?)

Now, it is the job of Andrew Morton and Team Monica to convince the world that this "bright, lively, witty"—as the dust jacket describes her—young woman was the royal courtesan of the Nineties, swept up in a passionate but Starr-crossed love affair. But what we are left with is the terminal impression of two self-indulgent, self-obsessed teenagers—one of whom just happened to be president of the United States. **NR**

Bad St. George

DICK MORRIS

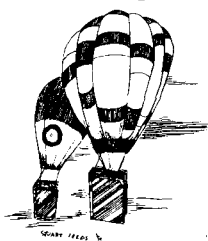
All Too Human: A Political Education, by George Stephanopoulos (Little, Brown, 456 pp., \$27.95)

THIS memoir by former altar boy George Stephanopoulos is the most gripping tale of a man's successful battle against his conscience since Albert Speer's cliffhanger *Inside the Third Reich*. As Georgie duels with reporters over Bill Clinton's draft record, Gennifer Flowers, and charge after charge of womanizing, his conscience reminds him—in urgent italics—that this is not why he got into politics. On realizing that Clinton has deceived him, along with everyone else, he muses, *How long will people give us the benefit of the doubt? How much of this stuff can they take? How much more can I take?*

But as Georgie faces life, he faces down his conscience and emerges, alas, with worry warts on his face, Zoloft in his belly, and on a shrink's couch—but still desperately clinging to the office next to Clinton's so he'll look important. I hate to give away the ending, but his conscience loses.

George's real job at the White House was to be the ankle bracelet around Clinton's leg, keeping the president on the liberal reservation by warning against any deviation from orthodoxy. When Clinton contemplated proposing a balanced budget, the ankle bracelet sounded and George threatened to write a parody of the 1992 Clinton campaign manifesto *Putting People First*, telling the president, "If you proposed a budget like this, I could produce a book in three days called *Putting People Last*, showing how it defies the promises you made in 1992. We can't do this."

Mr. Morris, for 20 years an advisor to Bill Clinton, is a political analyst for the *New York Post* and the Fox News Channel.



A quarter of the book is devoted to George's battles with me. Clearly, Stephanopoulos felt that his job was to work for Clinton from 1992–1994 and against me in 1995–1996. While his obsession with me is flattering, it's crazy, distorted, and just plain nuts. George and his liberal buddy Robert Reich, whose book *Locked in the Cabinet* is similarly obsessed, really ought to get some group therapy together, about once a week.

Truth is, by the time I came to the White House in late 1994, George had already fallen. He was out of power, out of the loop, out of the president's good graces. He hadn't been fired, though, because Clinton knew he'd write a book

George Stephanopoulos focuses on how he spun the press, but neglects his dirtier job: destroying witnesses.

like this and wanted to delay it as long as possible. I spent hour after hour plotting against Harold Ickes. But of George, I thought little. He was a spent force. Our titanic tug-of-war existed only in his fevered, 30-something imagination.

In *All Too Human*, Stephanopoulos focuses on how he spun the press, but neglects his dirtier job: destroying witnesses. George quarterbacked the defense. Leading the daily damage-control conference call, he coordinated the dissemination of all the dirt the Clinton operatives could dig up on anybody who got in Clinton's way. Bending reporters' ears over the phone every day was his above-board task; destroying reputations was his chief one.

Yet while George tore apart Clinton's opponents, he treated the president with model tact, circumspection, and delicacy. He seems never to have asked Clinton about the facts of any of the scandals it was his job to diffuse. It's easy to see where the don't ask, don't tell policy came from.

The battle between Good George and Bad George dominates this schizophrenic book, mirroring the struggle between the Sunday Morning President

and Saturday Night Bill that I describe in my own book, *Behind the Oval Office*. Good George appealed to the better nature of the Sunday Morning President while Bad George cleaned up after—and thereby enabled—Saturday Night Bill.

Good George denies leaking to the press, whether against the president or against me. But Bad George confesses—again in italics—that he always ran to favored reporters and planted information on background. Once when I told Clinton that I had shared some information with George, he shouted back, “You only told George? You only told George? Why didn’t you just send out a press release?”

The book portrays Good George debating the needs of America while Bad George was tempted to do what was expedient. In reality, Stephanopoulos rarely spoke in the language of ethics, compassion, or concern for the poor. His litmus test was always political. The only question his internal compass answered was, What will the House Democrats think?

Every character in this memoir-novel assumes specific identities. The president is an elusive, distracted child who cannot be left alone. What Macauley Culkin can do at 8, Bill Clinton can’t at 50. The First Lady has such bad judgment that St. George must protect her from herself. I myself peddle a hypnotic potion that lures leaders away from virtue. Morris, like Carthage, must be destroyed. Only George has vision, courage, and morality. But this strange text shows that, time after time, George said one thing out loud while thinking another thing to himself (which he generously shares with his readers, in italics). The self-revealed gap between the one George and the other does more to illustrate his duplicity than an attack by any adversary ever could.

Thus the real tragedy of Stephanopoulos’s book. He is unhappy in his own skin. He happens to be one of his generation’s most talented politicians. The arts of politics come naturally to him. He should be very proud of his abilities. Instead, he aspires to a sainthood

that he will never reach. It’s as though what he does doesn’t matter, only what he aspires to do and fails at. He can wade in the sewer just so long as he professes to aim for the clouds. The words of my Irish mother-in-law come to mind as I grope to describe Stephanopoulos’s relationship with Bill Clinton: “As God made them, He matched them.” **NR**

Unspiked

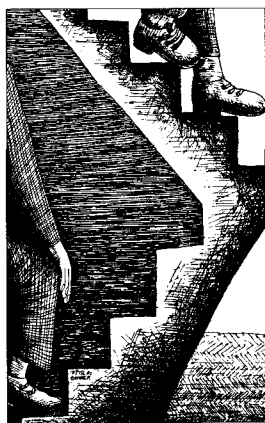
ROBERT D. NOVAK

Uncovering Clinton: A Reporter’s Story, by Michael Isikoff (Crown, 416 pp., \$25)

BILL CLINTON never would have been impeached, with his presidency indelibly tarnished, had it not been for the plotting of Linda Tripp and the aggressiveness of Kenneth Starr’s prosecutors. But a third force whose role was necessary to force the presidential crisis was an investigative reporter named Michael Isikoff.

He ranged far ahead of other journalists in uncovering Clinton’s relations with Paula Jones, Kathleen Willey, and, finally, Monica Lewinsky. An argument can be made that, save for Isikoff, the president might have suppressed the record of his wretched conduct with these women, as he had previous outrageous indiscretions.

Yet Isikoff was no ideologue determined to destroy Clinton. At the start, he was not even inclined against the president. He describes himself as “distinctly uncomfortable” in becoming a central figure in Clinton’s deepening problems, adding: “As a reporter, I don’t think ideologically.” Still, he is quick to bestow a “right-wing” label on anybody who may dissent from liberal Washington orthodoxy. While denying that it is “vast,” he buys into Hillary Clinton’s allegation of



Mr. Novak is a columnist for the *Chicago Sun-Times* and a CNN commentator.

a conspiracy out to get her husband.

Thus it is remarkable that Isikoff became Clinton’s foremost journalistic antagonist. In truth, he is an old-fashioned reporter “known for my disheveled attire, messy desk, and erratic work habits”—in vivid contrast to many of his earnest, freshly scrubbed journalistic colleagues who could pass for CPAs. His desire for “scoops” (an anachronistic concept nowadays) has yielded *Uncovering Clinton: A Reporter’s Story*—surely the best exposition so far of the Clinton crisis, filled with new revelations and insights.

It is a first-person whodunit depicting a demi-world of betrayal and mendacity. Linda Tripp, compulsively conniving, comes across as even nastier than in previous press accounts. She deceives everyone—Isikoff included.

This is a story without heroes. Not Isikoff’s editors at the *Washington Post* and later *Newsweek*, who resisted pub-

■
**Bill Clinton is exposed as
not only a serial philanderer
but perhaps a serial molester.**
■

lishing his revelations. Not Starr’s prosecutors, whose heavy-handed operations scarcely encourage confidence. Not presidential attorney Robert Bennett, whose public bluster and threats turned to private pleas to Isikoff to spike any report on presidential groping of Kathleen Willey: “Don’t write this story . . . The punishment is too great. The president doesn’t deserve it.” (Isikoff adds: “Bennett knows it is true, I thought. He knows that this happened.”)

Not the reporter-friendly, smiling White House press secretary Mike McCurry, who triggered a “low-level whispering campaign” against Isikoff, calling him a “renegade” and a “zealot” and threatening *Newsweek* with a loss of inside information—a catastrophe for a newsmagazine.

Not even the author himself. He does not spare himself, as when, chasing one false lead, he ends up in close quarters with a lap-dancer in a Dallas striptease joint. He says he was deceived by Tripp

NR Baltic Cruise Sales Soar; 'Estonished' Publisher Takes Stockholm of Situation, Declares 'What the Helsinki!' & Swedens Deal: Extends Free Luxury Berlin Tour Offer to First 350 People Who Reserve Stateroom

Over 150 Cabins Already Booked for NR's Sole '99 Cruise—Suites Sold Out, Mad Dash for Premier Cabins; Sell-Out Looms, Officials Sound Warning "Snooze, You Lose"

Call 1-800-548-2184 for Free NR Baltic Cruise Information Kit; or Visit www.tcacruise.com/nr99

By IVANA KHRUISCHEV
NR European Cruise Correspondent

BERLIN, Mar. 18—Officials at *National Review* announced today that due to "strong, ongoing demand and interest" they are extending the "special gift"—a luxury excursion to beautiful Berlin, valued at over \$400.00 per person—being offered for the magazine's 1999 Baltic Cruise.

The exciting tour of Germany's historic capital—just one of the many features of the magazine's 10th Anniversary celebration of the Fall of the Berlin Wall—"has proven so popular that we feel we have no choice but to extend the offer," said *National Review* Publisher Edward A. Capano.

"We long ago passed the initial target of a free tour for the first 250 people who signed up for the **National Review 1999 Baltic Cruise**," which will sail the glorious Baltic and North Seas—with a cast of "Cold War" heroes—July 18–30, visiting the ports of London, Oslo, Stockholm, Helsinki, St. Petersburg, Tallin, Berlin, Århus, Bornholm, and Copenhagen.

"We've decided to keep the offer open to the first 350 people who sign up," said Capano,

"and we'd be willing to extend it even further, but the excursion maxes out at that point. I expect we'll hit that target in three weeks."

The Berlin tour will actually begin in the port of Warnemünde, from where *NR* cruisers will take a luxury train for a trip through the lush German countryside. Upon reaching Berlin, air-conditioned motor coaches will take *NR*'s contingent from one historic landmark to another, including, of course, the remains of the infamous Wall. "Throughout the day, great sights, great food, great drinks, and warm companionship will be the rule," said Capano.

Staff at The Cruise Authority, the travel agency handling *NR*'s seafaring extravaganza, report that "dozens of inquiry calls about the cruise are still coming in every day. The phones won't let up. Nearly everyone is asking 'Can I still get the Berlin tour?'"

Figures provided today by TCA President Howard Moses show that over 150 cabins have already been booked on the cruise, which will take place on Holland America's new flagship, the *MS Rotterdam VI*. "We're getting orders every day," said Moses. "The response is overwhelming. And there's no letup in sight."



SIX APPEAL! Holland America Line's new Rotterdam VI is a thing of beauty—look at those graceful curves, that heaving bow, that pouting stern, that moist, glistening hull. Ooo la la! Oh, yeah: The flagship is also renowned for its comfort, luxury, pampering service, and gourmet cuisine.

In addition to a great vacation, the **National Review 1999 Baltic Cruise** features numerous extras and exclusives: seven seminars (each over two hours) starring **Bill Buckley** and a cast of American "Cold War" heroes—including **Caspar Weinberger, Alexander Haig, Ed Meese, Vernon Walters, William Clark, Richard Allen, James Buckley, John O'Sullivan, Kate O'Beirne, and Peter Rodman**—three cocktail receptions (which *NR* sources describe as "a great opportunity to schmooze with speakers and new-found friends"), three late-night "smokers" (where *NR* "fellow-travelers" will sample world-class cigars), and several nights of intimate dining with *NR* editors and celebrities.

Capano, heartened by the strong response to what he believes will be "the best *NR* cruise yet," warned that "other than the cabins *NR* has reserved, the *Rotterdam* is sold out. We'll have to return those cabins soon, so anyone who delays booking on the **National Review 1999 Baltic Cruise** could very well find himself shut out of the experience of a lifetime."

Until next time, this has been *NR* European Cruise Correspondent Ivana Khruishev.

Call 1-800-548-2184 for Free NR Baltic Cruise Information Kit ; or Visit www.tcacruise.com/nr99



and her book agent (and co-conspirator) Lucianne Goldberg, who were feeding him material they hoped would be published in *Newsweek* and spur demand for a fat book contract that Isikoff was unaware of (and that, in fact, never became reality).

The reporter questing for old-fashioned "scoops" ends up getting scooped on most of his big scoops. The timidity of his editors was shared in some degree by the reporter himself, who could hardly believe what he was learning. As the first reporter to learn of the Oval Office groping of Willey, he mused: "Surely, Clinton could not have been stupid enough to do anything like what the woman had claimed."

In his discomfort at finding himself involved with Tripp, Goldberg, and Jones's lawyers "in the middle of a plot to get the president," he turned down a rare chance to listen to Tripp's surreptitious tapes of Lewinsky (though when the independent counsel entered the story, he was frantic to get hold of the tapes).

If there is any doubt left that the dalliance with Monica Lewinsky was no isolated incident, *Uncovering Clinton* convincingly removes it. Clinton is exposed as not only a serial philanderer but perhaps a serial molester. Assigned by skeptical editors at the *Washington Post* to find corroborative cases that might substantiate Paula Jones's accusations and justify their publication, Isikoff discovered a chilling pattern of "sexual compulsion." The "sheer energy" required by the White House to "conceal" Clinton's behavior was "staggering."

Isikoff relates a convincing half-hour call from an anonymous woman whose experience with Clinton replicated Willey's. Another woman he interviewed told of Clinton's biting her lip, calling to mind recently revealed claims of rape. How many women are out there, too frightened or too embarrassed even to talk anonymously?

Those who have spoken out have been both favored and trashed. Gennifer Flowers was given a state job, Kathleen Willey was sent on government missions overseas for which she was totally unqualified, and the famous job search was pursued for Monica Lewinsky. "[A]ides

like George Stephanopoulos, Betsey Wright, and Bruce Lindsey [were] constantly covering up for the president, devising cover stories and false alibis, digging up dirt on his accusers"—which Isikoff calls "the key to understanding much of his presidency."

To read this book is to marvel at how cleanly presidential secretary Betty Currie and presidential friend Vernon Jordan, knee-deep in the Lewinsky cover-up, have escaped. But the greater lesson to be learned here is that narrowly drawn perjury and obstruction-of-justice charges were not the correct grounds for

removing a president whose behavior must be considered as a whole, as Isikoff did.

The conclusions of this non-ideological investigative reporter are stark: "Presidents ought not be permitted to de-

ceive the public. Clinton did so repeatedly and brazenly . . . Clinton did what he did quite apart from the machinations of Tripp and Goldberg—or the machinations of any right-wing cabals." The House impeachment managers might well have put their case just that way.

NR

Progress Report

RICHARD BROOKHISER

My Pilgrim's Progress, by George W. S. Trow (Pantheon, 278 pp., \$24)

FALSE comforters not only lie about our pain; their lies block real knowledge, which is the only source of comfort. The proper response to them, going back to Job, is wrath. Centuries after Job, Samuel Johnson encountered the work of a Panglossian amateur theologian, Soame Jenyns, who suggested that, even as animals serve us humans as food and for sport, so our pain might contribute to the happiness of higher unseen beings. Dr. Johnson, a lifelong sufferer from scrofula, depression, and

partial blindness and deafness, wrote a review so annihilating it must have delighted the higher beings.

The modern masterpiece of the form was George W. S. Trow's *Within the Context of No Context*, a long *New Yorker* essay published as a book in 1981, and reissued in 1997. The formal topic is popular culture, particularly television, which it analyzes with icy rage. But lurking in the background is a lament for the loss of masculine authority in America. "[D]oes it have to come down to a choice between Geraldo and the Teenage Satanist?" Trow asked. "How about another choice, another opportunity?" In *My Pilgrim's Progress*, Trow takes a longer look at the lost opportunities of the last 50 years—how we lost the models of authority that we had, and why we haven't found anything both good and new to replace them.

Authority is different from power. People acquiesce in power; they accept authority. Successful authority persuades, and to explicate it Trow shifts back and forth between political and artistic terms. In 1950, America stood

■
All conservatives can appreciate Trow's compass-needle yearning for adults who know what they're doing.
■

at a pinnacle of world authority, resulting from "our Total Sweep in World War II." At home there were two templates of the authority figure, those of Franklin Roosevelt and Dwight Eisenhower.

Trow identifies his family as "Brownstone Liberal" (if I understand his directions correctly, I can see their old brownstone from my window), and their fealty to the Roosevelts was so intense that Trow calls them Black Roosevelt, after the Black Nobility of Catholic Italy. FDR was a patrician with the common touch. Eleanor was a patrician do-gooder, not quite the same

Mr. Brookhiser, an NR senior editor, is the author most recently of *Alexander Hamilton, American*.

thing. Adlai Stevenson was what Eleanor thought Franklin should have been. But young Trow was also smitten with Ike, and he is smitten still. "I don't just like Ike, I love him. I think he's the guy of guys, I think he's uniquely American." Eisenhower had managed Overlord, the Allied invasion of France, and he was about to manage the American state with the same easy thoroughness.

But there were flaws in each model. Roosevelt's common touch included an unhealthy dose of demagoguery, symbolized for Trow by his rapport with the radio gossip-monger Walter Winchell. Demagogues pretend that everyone is fine just as he is; consequently, no one has to grow up. At the same time, fighting World War II and the Cold War required much top-down organization which in turn concentrated too much masculine authority in Ike: "In a world of men, only one man really functioned in the way that thousands of headmen of villages and towns once functioned . . . only one man [took] all the necessary action to aggress, to defend, to make peace, to make war."

Where did a country in the process of being infantilized turn for guidance? To get a hint, Trow analyzes a *New York Times* of 1950, whose front page is dominated by what he calls three "avatars of kingship." Churchill's history of the Second World War is being serialized, the coal miners are on strike, and the hydrogen bomb has been developed. Aristocrats, workers, scientists: All three groups looked very potent at that moment. But the first two were doomed, and even the third now seems less threatening than it did then. Only in the back pages of the paper, among the television listings, does Trow find the coming avatar of our times. Television gave a nation of children something "as stupid" as they were, drained of mental effort and social context. Instead, TV provided the "hyperactive quality of click, click, click, click, click to hold the attention."

If male authority has vanished, and

TV babysits, why aren't we all happy? Because, Trow argues passionately, we feel the absence of what we lack. Like amputees, we know something is missing. Day to day, we salve the wound with

irony. At moments of crisis, we react with psychotic rage. The Sixties, according to Trow, was an eruption of this rage, which we still fail to understand. This is not a neoconservative critique: Trow agrees with the freaks and the kids that there was much that was stifling and unreal about postwar popular culture. (NATIONAL REVIEW also thought so at the

time.) What all conservatives can appreciate is Trow's compass-needle yearning for adults who know what they are doing.

The reader's progress through these points is difficult. The book is littered with dissections of old movies and irri-

tating authorial *ahems*. But even the slow parts should be read for scattered gems, like a comparison of Eisenhower and George Balanchine. How did Stephen Ambrose miss that one?

Is there an alternative to Geraldo and the Teenage Satanist? In an odd paragraph towards the beginning, Trow describes a man he met in West Virginia. "I could tell by his face that his family had been here for 300 years, and that his lineage was spread with the war dead." This man had just earned \$75 plowing driveways after a surprise snowstorm, which he delightedly showed Trow. "He belongs," Trow goes on, "to [George] Washington. He lives in his own traditional freedom until such moment as he is told to fight for his country, and then he does, and often he dies. That's the deal he's made with the country. . . . As far as he's concerned, there's only one dominant mind in America, the one that belongs to him and Washington. Should our [cultural system] run into trouble, we're in trouble, on account of this West Virginia man."

NR



The truly big questions in life often require the help of a guru. Questions like, "where can I find rare CDs?" That's why EveryCD has music experts just a phone call away who can help you find virtually any CD in print — at up to 30% off list. EveryCD has no minimum order and you'll never receive an unsolicited disc. The trial membership is even free. Visit our Web site. Or better yet, call today, and make our lives worthwhile.

1-800-EVERY-CD. We hear you.
Outside the U.S., please dial (203) 363-0519



www.everycd.com

© 1998 EveryCD

■ TRAVEL ■

True Crime

DAVID KLINGHOFFER

A BLANKETING silence hangs over parts of Los Angeles, a city in which distances are so large that you sometimes find yourself feeling suddenly very alone. Three decades ago that silence was the first thing police officers noticed upon entering the Polanski-Tate home at 10050 Cielo Drive in Beverly Hills, where Charles Manson's "Family" had finished a night's work of butchery hours earlier.

On a recent visit I made to L.A., Manson kept intruding on my enjoyment. It gets uncomfortably quiet in a car as you motor around the freeways. There are no sounds of horns, just the hum of your engine. So everyone listens to the radio. The station I usually tune to, KROQ, was broadcasting the name "Manson" every 15 minutes or so—a reference not to Charles but to Marilyn Manson, the teen rock idol who took the mass murderer's surname as his own on account of its entertainment value. KROQ was giving away tickets to an upcoming Manson concert.

As I listened, I remembered an item in the *Los Angeles Times* that morning about a college professor in Kansas who had enlisted Manson as a sort of teacher's aide. From his cell at Corcoran State Prison in Central California, "Mortarboard Manson" (as the *Times* dubbed him) had agreed to participate in a mock trial of himself via phone hook-up.

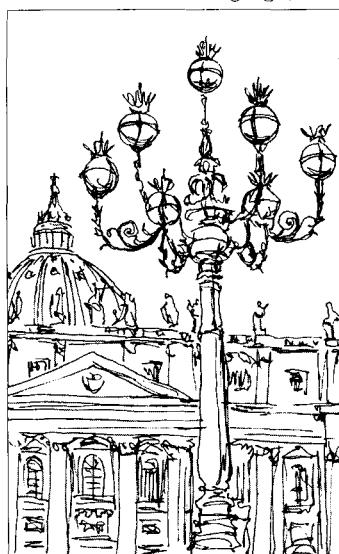
Murderous fiend and lunatic, Manson remains prominently fixed in American consciousness, which is curious. In a

Mr. Klinghoffer, an NR senior editor, is the author of *The Lord Will Gather Me In: My Journey to Jewish Orthodoxy*.

recent afterword to his 1974 book, *Helter Skelter*, Vincent Bugliosi, the L.A. district attorney who managed the case against the hippie-cult Family, notes the following: Manson receives more fan mail than any other prisoner in America. Manson T-shirts sell briskly. An opera called *The Manson Family* premiered at New York's Lincoln Center in 1990. Meanwhile the rock group Guns 'n' Roses performs "Look at Your Game, Girl," a composition by Charles Manson. In the months leading up to August 9, 1999—precise 30-year anniversary of the event at 10050 Cielo Drive—the level of adulation will rise to a pitch. To better understand what it is about Manson that fascinates us, I spent a day visiting Manson-related localities and came away with a class analysis.

Let's stipulate that a given murder will achieve iconic status if the crime possesses some narrative meaning unintended by the killer. What's the meaning here?

A tour of Charles Manson's Los Angeles begins 25 miles from downtown at the former site of Spahn's Movie Ranch, from which the Family ventured for its two famous evenings of slaughter. (The actual structures were bulldozed long ago, the grassy acre or two by the



side of Santa Susana Pass fenced off, allegedly to be developed as a home by Ron Reagan Jr.) It's easy to see why old western movies were frequently shot here: Mostly empty of habitation, the area bulges with hills, piles of huge red rocks with dark greenery sprouting from between them. In this isolation, with no access to newspapers or even clocks, the Family listened to Manson spin out theories inspired by Buddhism, the Beatles, Scientology, and Adolph Hitler (a "tuned-in guy"). Regarding himself as Jesus Christ reincarnated, he promised to lead his groupies to a hole out in Death Valley through which they would all descend to live with a secret underground civilization.

Do places have memories? More likely it's just the quiet, the loneliness that

makes Spahn Ranch a destination where you are unlikely to want to spend much time. Certainly the crows circling overhead add no charm, nor does the way the rocks play tricks with sound. The site is bounded by a deep gully from which I'm sure I heard voices—maybe bounced, rock to rock, out of the inevitable new housing tract nearby, hidden behind a particularly scenic outcropping.

From Spahn one proceeds to the Polanski-Tate home, off billionaire-sprinkled Benedict Canyon. The road you take narrows alarmingly as it goes up, the yellow dividing line growing

■
**Murderous fiend and lunatic,
Charles Manson remains
prominently fixed in
American consciousness.**
■

increasingly faint. Trees crowd in from either side, except where the left shoulder falls away down sheer hillsides of eerily luxuriant shrubs and palms. Manson didn't choose his victims at random. To find Cielo Drive I had to stop two passing mailmen, and tried to imagine the Manson party of five unkempt zombies asking for directions. From the canyon road, Cielo itself winds further upward till you reach the dead end of a large gate, No. 10050, with writhing spiked yucca plants pressing in from the side behind a rusted fence. If places do have memories, it's hard to see how anyone could ever again occupy this address, where five people were stabbed or shot to death—including Sharon Tate, young and beautiful, eight months pregnant.

The next night found the killers in L.A.'s Los Feliz district, at the home of Leno and Rosemary LaBianca. Mrs. LaBianca's teenage son discovered the remains of his mother and stepfather in the morning, the walls painted in blood with Manson slogans: "Death to Pigs," "Rise," "Helter Skelter." From Waverly Drive you can see the LaBianca place behind a luxurious sloping lawn dotted with palm trees. It's quiet here too, although Los Feliz sits much closer to the heart of the city than does Cielo

Drive. Money guarantees quiet in L.A.

Not that either the Polanski-Tates or the LaBiancas were plutocrats. Yet Leno LaBianca owned a chain of supermarkets. Sharon Tate was an actress with a celebrated filmmaker husband, Roman Polanski. Her guests that unfortunate night included a hairdresser, Jay Sebring, albeit the type of rather selective hairdresser with a butler overseeing his home; and a coffee heiress, Abigail Folger. In short, Manson's victims were well-to-do members of the financial elite. If you want to understand why Charlie Manson has become an American icon, that happens to be a key fact.

Which brings us to the class analysis. For the moral and spiritual dislocation of the Sixties, it is tempting to blame hippies. But they were mostly young and stupid—in the sense of lacking wisdom and not knowing it. Wisdom is a trust that is supposed to be held above all by a society's most privileged members. Wealth brings with it not just the opportunity to savor delectations, but a grave responsibility to influence others through example.

For their part, Manson and his friends came from the most pedestrian, even hardscrabble of backgrounds. He himself was the illegitimate son of an unknown father and a hard-drinking mother, the latter in and out of jail. His followers, predominantly female, could hardly brag of much fancier origins in unheralded hometowns like Altadena, California, and Mobile, Alabama.

When the lives of ordinary people go wrong en masse, as happened in the Sixties, they are responsible for their own deeds. But neither are a society's presumptive leaders—Manson's "pigs," whether movie directors or supermarket capitalists—to be held entirely innocent. Which isn't to say, of course, that Charlie Manson's victims at all deserved their fate. But the hidden narrative in the Manson story, the narrative we respond to as a culture, may have something to do with the intuition that hippies were not alone in creating the hippie decade. Through inattention, the rich and powerful contributed to the disaster. One hopes that point will not be omitted from discussion, shrouded in Los Angeles silence, when August 9 of this year arrives. **NR**

■ MUSIC ■

André, Anyone?

JAY NORDLINGER

WHO is the great man of music in the world today? The question, though playful, is not frivolous. Musicians and others like to kick it around, and sometimes they kick hard. A desire to rank—to establish a Number One—is as forgivable in music as it is in tennis (though music, unlike tennis, has no formula). For one thing, the exercise is amusing; but for another, it brings into clarity what we believe and value about this art.

What credentials should our crowned one bear? He ought to bestride his world like a colossus, casting a shadow on its

■
**Previn always said that he
would never be forgiven for
having begun in Hollywood.**

But his time has come.
■

every byway. He ought to have a versatility that invites him into every endeavor. He should be the master—more than just the casual acquaintance—of an instrument. (The piano would be nice.) He ought surely to be a conductor, at home in every type of music, from Byrd to yesterday. And—there is no escaping this—he must compose. He has to be an originator of music, not merely its reproducer, no matter how exalted.

We have composers, and some good ones, too. A few of John Corigliano's works will last, and so might a few of William Bolcom's. (Bolcom, by the way, is an excellent jazz pianist, but this credential is slight.) Gian Carlo Menotti is still kicking, age 87, trotted out recently after a performance of his (rather mediocre) violin concerto at Lincoln Center. (His piano concerto—now there is a work that is underplayed. And

ENTRUST YOUR IDEALS. TO WHOM?

To whom will you entrust your ideals?
How do you ensure that those beliefs
you cherish *now* are sustained *then*?
Who will articulate your principles
for your grandchildren, your faith,
and your country?

There is an answer.

With your help, *National Review* will
endure as a powerful voice, sustaining
those beliefs you hold dear. Now.
And for future generations. As ever,
standing athwart history, yelling Stop.

for more information contact:

National Review, Legacy
Attn.: James Kilbridge
215 Lexington Avenue, 4th Floor
New York, NY 10016
212-679-7330

Buy Gold!



**Y2K Computer Bug
Volatile Markets
The Euro-Dollar...**

*With today's economic uncertainties, what assurance
do you have for your financial well-being?*

Call Lear Financial today and request your
Free 1999 Gold Investment Guide.

No Obligation! Guaranteed Lowest Prices!



CALL NOW!!

1-800-965-0580.

Lear Financial, 429 Santa Monica Blvd., Santa Monica, CA 90401

his libretto for Samuel Barber's opera *Vanessa* should be the envy of every full-time writer.)

James Levine is a profoundly musical person, underrated (even while celebrated) as a conductor and badly underestimated as a pianist (his own fault, really: he mainly confines himself to accompanying his singer friends). Daniel Barenboim is a better, more commanding conductor every day, and he remains a first-rate pianist, about as good as any in this tin age for the keyboard. Neither man, however, has composed *Note One*, as far as anyone knows—not even unmemorable stuff like Wilhelm Furtwängler's or (skipping ahead a few decades) Pierre Boulez's.

Well, here is something subversive: How about André Previn? Yes, that one, the one who talks so smoothly on television and was married to Mia Farrow and is (so, so weirdly) the father-in-law of Woody Allen. He always said that he would never be forgiven for having started out in Hollywood. But that was a long time ago—it was in 1962 that he left. He has since blossomed into a musician of such formidable and wide-ranging powers that we must take him seriously as (swallow hard, now) the great man of music in the world today.

Certainly his parents wanted him to be so. He was named for Beethoven: Andreas Ludwig Priwin. His family fled Berlin in the nick of time—1939—landing in Hollywood, where an uncle worked. As André Previn, the boy was soon the wunderkind of the local musical community, rich with other refugees from Europe (notably Korngold and Schoenberg). As a teenager, he was a sensation in the music departments of the studios, and he would win four Academy Awards (and be gypped out of a few others) before striking out for the concert world in his early thirties.

(Previn would write about all this in a 1991 memoir, *No Minor Chords*, a graceful, limpid, translucent piece of writing, mirroring the author's characteristics in music. The title comes from a stellar

Hollywood anecdote: Irving Thalberg, on hearing something in a score that he didn't like: "What the hell was that?" Nervous, ignorant aide: "Uh, I dunno, boss. I think it was a minor chord." Thalberg: "Take a memo: 'Henceforth there shall be no minor chords in an MGM picture.'")

Today, Previn is Sir André and—how can it be?—70. Next year, Salzburg is staging a week-long Previn Festival, no minor event. He is churning out compositions, mounting every podium, and returning again and again to the piano, hitting a new stride. What happened? Quite simply, he is achieving his potential. Afforded years, energy, and maturity, he is showing exactly what he is capable of.

He is an adequate pianist, far superior to most conductors who play. His reputation as a jazzman is inflated, and he has the annoying quality of picking at the keyboard, rather than playing into the keys. His most admired piano recording has just been reissued by EMI as a "Great Recording of the Century" (already!). The music is Gershwin (the

Rhapsody, the *Concerto in F*), and Previn does it the service of playing it relatively straight, resisting the temptation to jazz it up even more than the composer intended. In this, as in so much else, he is the anti-Bernstein.

As a conductor, Previn is scandalously underappreciated, for who is more reliable, sounder, wiser? A recent outing with the New York Philharmonic put his gifts on

display: scrupulous rhythm, a keen sense of balance, a masterly baton technique. He is never self-indulgent, ragged, or uninspired; he is always the enemy of bombast, excess, and emotionalism. He has the composer's ability to perform others' work with a special understanding, perceiving it from the inside out. And he knows enough to stay out of his players' way.

But Previn has his eye on posterity, which is why he makes himself write. He has always feasted on the commissions of his friends. His cello sonata, for Yo-Yo

Ma, is typical. It is smart, jazz-inflected, and usually interesting—but not infused with genius. In its worst moments, it smells of the cocktail lounge, flirting with Burt Bachrach. Yet the *Adagio* is wonderfully song-like, and the final movement murmurs along inventively.

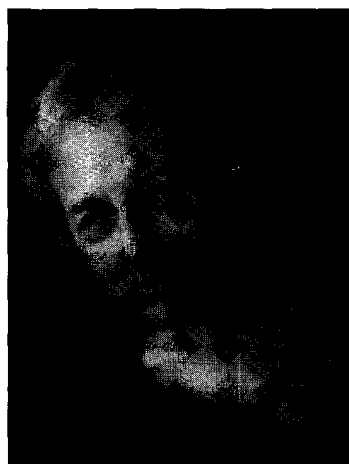
Then there is his abundance of music for soprano, including his recent remembrance of Billy the Kid for Barbara Bonney (a probable descendant of the killer). The piece is uncluttered, direct, classically American. (Previn, despite his earliest years and his long residence in England, is through and through an American, at least in music.) Previn's work is ever tasteful, civilized, decorous—fighting words, for a composer. We at times want to shake him and say, "Come on, André! Give us something with blood in it, something that will affect our sleep!"

Last year, he did, with his first opera, *A Streetcar Named Desire*. It was grudgingly received by the critical establishment, but it is an astounding work, not leaving the repertory any time soon. In *Blanche*, Previn has delivered a role that the better, more daring English-speaking sopranos will want to sink their teeth into for generations. The play seems to have gotten to Previn, as he captures perfectly its creepy spirit. His *Streetcar*, in fact, is more moving than the play alone. The denouement is almost unbearable, superbly paced, inexorable toward that horrible end.

Fired by success, Previn is at work on his second opera. Who knows how many more he has in him? (Not to mention larger orchestral works, such as symphonies.) He is spry enough, and he may even be entering his (compositional) prime. The fact that he is composing gets him into music's Big Game. After all, how many definitive performances of the Shostakovich Fourth or the Elgar First does one need to offer? Previn has said, with his perpetual modesty, "I am not a great anything." But this is bunk, and he must know it: He is indisputably a great conductor, and he may yet prove something infinitely more important—a great composer.

As it stands, he is the great man of music in the world today. Complain if you will about the musical poverty of our times. But can you name a greater musician? No, you can't.

NR



André Previn

■ FILM ■

Of Gangs and Bands

JOHN SIMON

WHAT happens when two antithetical worlds collide? Different languages, experiences, values, mentalities can spell disaster. Or, as in the case of *Analyze This*, crackling comedy. Of course, it helps if the Mafia don suddenly unable to whack an enemy is played by Robert De Niro, and if the extremely reluctant therapist whose services he enlists is Billy Crystal. Even the mere juxtaposition of Mafia lingo and Freudian jargon is good for tremors worthy of a minor earthquake.

Take this exchange. Mafia capo Vitti: "If you turn me into a fag, you die!" Therapist Ben Sobol: "Could we define 'fag'?" Vitti (emphatically): "I go fag, you die." Or take the moment when the rival don, Primo Sindone (Chazz Palminteri), told that the situation needs closure, instructs a henchman: "You get a dictionary and find out what dis f---ing closure is!" Or, when Vitti is told about his Oedipus complex, "Dis Freud was a sick f---. I don't want to hear any more filth about my mother."

It all begins when Sobol accidentally rams a Mafia car, whose trunk springs open to reveal a bound and gagged, squirming victim. The trunk is instantly shut and taped down, but the stunned yet conscientious Sobol proffers his card, so as to be charged with the repair expenses. This card enables Paul's bodyguard, Jelly, to direct the panic-ridden boss to Sobol's office, where he immediately usurps the shrink's comfortable armchair. "When I got into family therapy," Ben bemoans, "this was not the Family I had in mind."

Analyze This was written by Peter Tolan, who comes out of television; Kenneth Lonergan, the gifted playwright whose *This Is Our Youth* is a hit on the New York stage; and Harold Ramis, the film's director, best remembered for his droll *Groundhog Day*.

Aside from a few slow patches, they have contrived a good many scenes and numerous one-liners funnier than any I have caught on film since . . . I can't remember, it's been so long.

De Niro, the beloved tough guy, started out comic in Brian De Palma's *Hi, Mom!*, and periodically proved himself adept at farce, from the underrated *King of Comedy* to the overrated *Wag the Dog*. But you have seldom seen him as rubber-faced as when Ben asks whether anyone has ever said no to him; only, he answers, in combination with such phrases as "Please don't kill me!" He illustrates this with facial accordion effects to do a shar-pei proud.

Crystal is just as amusing as the stuffy yet overeager (to get rid of Vitti) therapist, except in some scenes of the rou-

■
'When I got into family therapy,' Ben Sobol bemoans, 'this was not the Family I had in mind.'
■

tine subplot about his engagement to a TV newscaster (Lisa Kudrow, in a part no one could wholly salvage). This engagement is an interruptus writ large as Ben is hauled off in the middle of the night or from his own wedding ceremony to provide instant therapy for Vitti. The internecine warfare between Paul's and Primo's Mafia factions is also, in both senses, hit-or-miss. But any scene with Ben, Paul, and Paul's sidekick Jelly (the terrific Joe Viterelli, fat and hang-dog-faced, but quick with a quip or a handgun) is undiluted fun. Much of it, to be sure, is in the delivery. I can't affirm that the answer to "What kind of sandwich isn't too fattening?"—"Half a sandwich"—would be as savory from a mouth other than Viterelli's.

I am told that *Analyze This* resembles TV's *The Sopranos*. I can't say just how they compare, but the film hits enough high notes to warrant a speedy revisit.

■ Joseph Vilsmaier's *The Harmonists*, from Germany, is the more or less true story of the Comedian Harmonists, six young Berliners who, in

TIME

to go where politics can be
HONORABLE,
where crime is punished
and REASON matters.
in
FICTION
read

SMOKING GUN

a novel by Paul Rawlings
via AMAZON.COM
America's Booksource

FAIR HOPE PRESS
429 First Ave.
Bayport, NY 11705

Bargain Books

- Save up to 80% on recent publishers' overstocks. Save 30% or more on current books and best sellers! Hundreds of new arrivals monthly.
- Politics, Biography, History, Personal Finance—over 60 subject areas.
- America's biggest bargain book selection!

Free Catalog

1-800-677-3483

5924 Oak
HAMILTON Falls Village, CT 06031-5005

1927, decide to start a close-harmony ensemble spiced with comedy. Harry Frommermann, an impecunious drama student reduced to filching peanuts from his pet parrot, advertises for young singers and, times being hard, an endless line promptly forms. How the five others were recruited, and their difficulties in finding the right syncopated style and a willing agent, is told with humor and even suspense by Vilsmaier, who both photographed and directed from a script by Klaus Richter.

There is genuine feeling for the fine, old-fashioned pop songs, and a skillfully applied shorthand for characterizing the Comedian Harmonists with terse pungency. There is Harry, the nice Jewish boy who faithfully visits his parents' grave to discuss his problems; Robert Biberti, the arrogant blond Aryan with a booming bass and shrewd business sense; Roman Cycowski, a dis-

placed Polish opera singer and the group's conciliator; Erich Collin, a monocled baptized Jew with the bearing of a Prussian aristocrat; Ari Leschnikoff, a thickly accented Bulgarian-born waiter whose tenor voice women fall for; and the pianist Erwin Bootz, a sleepyhead who must be dragged from his lady's bed.

men come calling on her. One of them, Hans, a fellow student and future Nazi, will be the cause of considerable trouble.

The real drama is, of course, political, and involves the ever sterner pressure from Nazi authorities on the Harmonists to replace their three Jewish members with Aryans. They ignore such demands and go on to ever greater international success, with Nazi bigwigs often applauding in the front rows and silencing lesser Nazis trying to disrupt the concert from the balcony. One of their biggest fans, the film claims, was the notorious Julius Streicher, later editor of the viciously anti-Semitic *Der Stürmer*, who invites the group to his house to sing German folk-songs, a request that they



Scene from *The Harmonists*

Already the opening sequence is splendidly managed—the last minutes before and first minutes after a Harmonists' concert. Both the frantic backstage bustle and the growing expectancy in the slowly filling hall are conveyed with a keen eye for detail, expert crosscutting, and a true sense of musical rhythm translated into the rhythm of cinema. When the group, immaculate in tails, takes the stage to sing the first of several charming numbers we get in the course of the movie, our fulfillment is overwhelming.

There are nice detours into the private lives of the group. Thus Cycowski literally bumps into a girl dancer, Mary, during an audition for the mighty impresario Erik Charell, as the boys are rushing onstage, and some girls off. Their love affair, his hard demand that she convert to Judaism, and their exuberant Jewish wedding are among the film's highlights. No less striking is Collin's finding a French bride among the whores of the bordello where the Harmonists seek shelter for their often stormy rehearsals. Or Bootz's cowardly dumping of his wife for being Jewish.

But the main love story is Frommermann and Biberti's competing for Erna Eggstein, an eternal history student doing her homework while employed in a Jewish music store, where the young

daringly refuse to comply with. This and a few other incidents were questioned by the historian Peter Gay in a *New York Times* article.

Further high spots are the Harmonists' concert on a U.S. aircraft carrier in New York Harbor and their subsequent debate about whether to stay on in America, with Harry losing out to Robert, who argues the immunity of their group as an important propaganda weapon for German culture, and refuses to abandon his aged mother back home. I must also mention the group's farewell concert in Munich, fictionalized but very moving, as is also the closing scene at the Berlin train station, as the emigrating Jewish members bid goodbye to the Aryans staying on.

The performances are all exemplary, including those of some grand old German stars in supporting parts. The songs and production numbers are delightful, although the lyrics, like much of the dialogue, lose something in translation. But what remains is more than enough.

If you have access to Broadway, there is, currently and coincidentally, a show about the Comedian Harmonists, *Banned in Berlin*. It is not much of a play, but you can hear many more of the Harmonists' numbers nicely simulated by a group calling itself Hudson Shad. **NR**

**ATTENTION
PROSTATE
CANCER
PATIENTS**

Before you have radical surgery,
know that TheraSeed® may be a better
choice—an outpatient treatment
that's easier on you.

Call **1-800-458-4372** or visit
www.indigomedical.com

Índigo.
a Johnson & Johnson company

MEN: BE TALLER!!

**TIRED OF BEING
CONSIDERED
SHORT?** Try our
quality footwear.
HIDDEN height
increaser inside
shoes. Will make
you up to 3"
TALLER. Over
100 styles. Extremely comfortable. Discreet packaging.
Sizes 5 to 12. Widths B to EEE. In business since 1939.
MONEYBACK GUARANTEE! Call or write for **FREE**
color catalog. www.elevatorshoes.com

ELEVATORS®

RICHLEE SHOE COMPANY, DEPT. NR94
P.O. BOX 3566, FREDERICK, MD 21705

1-800-343-3810

■ CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS ■

HOTELS

HOTEL Bedford

 118 E. 40th Street,
 New York, NY 10016
 Between Park and
 Lexington Avenues...on
 Manhattan's fashionable East Side. Ideally
 located for business, Fifth Avenue Shops,
 Entertainment and Fine Dining.

Special National Review Rates
 Reservations: 800-221-6881 (USA & Canada)
 FAX (212) 697-1093

**Rated One of New York City
 "Best Value" Hotels." ... Zagats**



New York's all suite hotel located in the
 heart of the city, near corporations, the-
 atre & great restaurants. Affordable
 elegance with all the amenities of home.

MURRAY HILL EAST SUITES
 149 E. 39th St. (Bet 3rd & Lex) New York, NY 10016
 Reservations 1-800-248-9999
 Ask about our special National Review rates.

LITERARY

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK

Pentland Press, Inc.
 USA • ENGLAND • SCOTLAND

Established publisher can arrange the editing, design,
 publication, promotion, warehousing and distribution of
 your book. Write to: Pentland Press, Dept. NR, 5122 Bur
 Oak Circle, Raleigh, NC, 27612 or call: 1-800-948-2786

Make your impact on history...

An American Millennium

Join with thousands of Americans and record your ideas,
 opinions, history & thoughts of our nation as we approach
 the turning of the century. This book will immortalize your words
 and our generation for posterity.

Send up to 150 words and \$8.95 to:

Timeless Publications

218 Rockaway Turnpike Suite 690A Cedarhurst N.Y. 11516

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS LOCATED. Whitted,
 3106-R Quail Hunt Ct., Midlothian, Va. 23112.

NONFICTION PAPERBACK: search—UP FROM
 TQM—at amazon.com or call 800-882-3273.

UNRAVEL A MYSTERY! Armchair Detectives
 call for free catalogue of vintage to '70s mystery
 books. E-mail Cloak & Dagger:
 siralewker@aol.com or phone: 914-371-0594.

GOOD USED BOOKS—wide variety, intelligent
 selection. Libraries buy regularly; you can too.
 History, fiction, social science, literature,
 miscellaneous subjects. Send \$2 for listings of
 25,000 titles. Editions, Desk NR, Boiceville, N.Y.
 12412. www.nleditions.com

AUTHORS: Successful subsidy publisher trans-
 forms manuscripts into quality books, promotes,
 distributes. Free evaluation. 800-278-8533.
 www.rutledgebooks.com

FOR SALE

HEY MUSIC LOVERS! Duncan and Talley's CD
 "Songs for the Silent Majority" is now available at:
 http://amazon.com

TIRED OF LIBERALS GETTING AWAY WITH
 MURDER? Your personalized Capital Punishment
 Card is now available, guaranteed to tick off
 Liberals! Card, personal declaration, name added
 to list of governors of each state included with pur-
 chase. Send \$5 (\$5.39 in California) per card
 name(s) to: CP Cards, P.O. Box 1144, La Meas,
 Calif. 91944-1144. © 1999, CP Cards.

"I BELIEVE JUANITA": www.clintonian.com.
 Books, bumper stickers, more.

T-SHIRTS/BUMPER STICKERS

"DO YOU BELIEVE POLITICS AS USUAL
 WILL BRING WORLD PEACE?": 5 free bumper
 stickers against overgoverning. Box 3652, Chapel
 Hill, N.C. 27515.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

CAREER BURNOUT? Home health business,
 serious income. Free information: 800-925-2494.

MONTANA OIL MAN has put all his eggs in
 one basket and desires to convert some of the
 eggs to cash. I wish to sell a portion of my mineral
 interests (1000 net mineral acres) in Montana
 and North Dakota. Seeking someone who can
 afford to invest/risk \$75,000 without straining the
 grocery budget. Kirby Dasinger, P.O. Box 77,
 Sidney, Mont. 59270 (406-482-4610) or:
 dasinger@lyrea.com

RELIGION

LOOKING FOR A CHURCH that still teaches
 traditional values? Call the Anglican Catholic
 Church Information Center. 800-506-7616.
 www.anglicancatholic.org

WEBSITES

THE BIG EYE. http://www.bigeye.com. Portal to
 the BEST on the Web.

BOOK, LINE AND THINKER. Conservative,
 Libertarian, Bargain books. Even FREE books.
 www.booklineandthinker.com

FRIENDSHIP, ETC.

SMART IS SEXY. Date fellow graduates and
 faculty of the Ivies, Seven Sisters, Stanford,
 M.I.T., University of Chicago, UCB, Northwestern,
 Johns Hopkins, medical schools and a few oth-
 ers. THE RIGHT STUFF: 800-988-5288.
 www.rightstuffdating.com

MEET LATIN WOMEN! Mexico-South America.
 Free fotobrochures! 713-896-9224. tlc.com

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS, linked nationally since
 1970. P.O. Box 117, Gradyville, Pa. 19039. 800-
 773-3437 or www.singlebooklovers.com

MEET WOMEN WORLDWIDE FOR LOVE
 AND MARRIAGE! World's #1 Personal Ad
 Service since 1974! Free 32-page Photo Magazine:
 Cherry Blossoms, P.O. Box 190-NR,
 Kapaau, Hawaii 96755. 800-322-3267 (Ext.
 48). cherry@blossoms.com or www.cherry-
 blossoms.com/?adid=048

ASIAN WOMEN Desire Marriage! Established
 1984! Free Photobrochure! SUNSHINE INTER-
 NATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE, P.O. Box
 5500-FH, Kailua-Kona, Hawaii 96745-5500. 808-
 325-7707. http://sunshine-girls.com

ASIAN BEAUTIES! Worldwide! Romance,
 Lifemates! P.I.C., Box 461873-NR, Los Angeles,
 Calif. 90046. 323-650-1994. www.pacisl.com

NR REPRINTS AVAILABLE

"The War On Drugs Is Lost" (\$1.70)

"The Real Reagan Record" (\$2.95)

"To Be a Pilgrim—WFB's Visit to Lourdes" (\$1)

"The 100 Best Conservative Movies" (\$1.50)

(Please add 50 cents for shipping and handling.)

Send to: NATIONAL REVIEW

215 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

Specify selection.

CLASSIFIED INFORMATION

Rates: \$4.50 per word (10-word minimum). Phone
 number, zip code, all permitted abbreviations (P.O. Box,
 S.A.S.E., etc.) count as one word.

Discounts: 4 times, \$4.00 per word; 6 times, \$3.75
 per word; 8 or more times, \$3.50 per word.

Display Ads: Minimum 1 inch, maximum 9 inches
 (vertical). Width 2 1/4 inches. One time, \$225 per col-
 umn inch; 4 times, \$200 per column inch; 8 times, \$185
 per column inch; 10 or more times, \$175 per column
 inch. Camera-ready art (to size) must be provided.
 Display rates apply to Classified section only.

NR Box Numbers: \$10 additional (one-time only
 charge). When responding to an NR Box number,
 Address: NR Box _____, c/o Tony Savage, NATIONAL
 REVIEW, 215 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016.
 Letters will be forwarded by first-class mail.

To Order: Full payment in advance by check,
 money order (payable to NATIONAL REVIEW),
 MasterCard, or Visa (include expiration date). Address:
 Tony Savage, NATIONAL REVIEW, 215 Lexington Ave.,
 New York, N.Y. 10016. Fax: 212-696-0340. Tel. 212-679-
 7330.

Deadlines: Every other Tuesday (approx. 16 days
 before the magazine is printed). Upcoming deadlines: March
 30th; April 13th & 27th; May 11th & 25th.

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

McWilliams at Bat

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 23

HAVING been once postponed, the hearing of Peter McWilliams of California is now scheduled for later this week. It is arousing high drama, not in the least discouraged by the defendant McWilliams, who is a skilled writer and dramatist.

The U.S. attorney in Los Angeles intends to recommend that McWilliams spend the next ten years in jail for violating federal drug laws, more specifically, marijuana laws. Peter McWilliams wonders very much out loud (in regular communications to press and friends) if he can survive what he is being put through, jailed or not.

The narrative is as follows. McWilliams, a 48-year-old author of 30 books on how to understand computers, poetry, and human life, contracted AIDS and fell victim to cancer in 1996. He submitted to such treatment as there is but got relief mostly from marijuana. The California proposition (215) that in 1996 authorized doctors to prescribe marijuana for patients in special circumstances encouraged McWilliams to endorse the planting of the weed by a partner, and he was less than discreet about this activity. He reasoned that if California laws authorize the prescription of marijuana, patients have to have access to marijuana.

The feds take the position that the California proposition is after all overridden by federal legislation.

The feds have always scorned 215, for reasons good and bad. There is no concealing that the heaviest backing for the proposition was from people who simply don't believe marijuana smoking should be proscribed and, if that's what you think, the best foot in the door is an okay for the medical use of the drug. There is no reason to doubt the sincerity of such as McWilliams when they insist on marijuana's distinctive therapeutic properties for them; on the other hand, if the hand of God were to relieve McWilliams of his afflictions, it's probable he'd still wish to smoke marijuana for the same reasons that some people like to smoke cigarettes and drink whiskey.

The American Civil Liberties Union has got into the McWilliams

case and will defend him on the grounds that the behavior of the Justice Department smells more like suppressing McWilliams the advocate than McWilliams the marijuana producer. State senator John Vasconcellos has issued a statewide plea in behalf of McWilliams, and some uncommitted observers are wondering about a federal practice that permitted marshals to seize McWilliams's computer, keep him in jail for weeks, and draw up bail so huge (\$250,000) as to require the posting of the houses of his mother and brother as security. (One aspect of the bail regulation would have pleased George Orwell: He has to submit to a daily urine test to establish that he has not taken marijuana. If such a test proved positive, back he'd go to jail, and the family houses, presumably, to the auction block.)

In the heated polemical traffic on the McWilliams case one letter stands out, from ex-NORML director Richard Cowan. "For a moment, let's ignore the whole medical marijuana question and remember that for six months the police from multiple jurisdictions watched the home of a political candidate in hopes of finding something incriminating, based on accusations in an unsigned letter." The allusion is to Steve Kubby, a medical-marijuana patient who was the Libertarian party's gubernatorial candidate in last year's election, and his wife, Michele, arrested for growing pot at their Squaw Valley home.

"The really important subject here is not how many plants the Kubbys had sown or how helpful medical marijuana is, but rather how badly the police behaved."

The concluding lines of Cowan's state-

ment belong in the golden stanzas of the library of freedom. "One of the problems that the marijuana-reform movement consistently faces is that everyone wants to talk about what marijuana does, but no one ever wants to look at what marijuana prohibition does. Marijuana never kicks down your door in the middle of the night. Marijuana never locks up sick and dying people, does not suppress medical research, does not peek in bedroom windows. Even if one takes every reefer-madness allegation of the prohibitionists at face value, marijuana prohibition has done far more harm to far more people than marijuana ever could."

Salt Lake Blues

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 19

THE general feeling of disgust over the athletic-corruption story was no doubt leavened by simultaneous dramas being played out in Washington. Fifty years ago FDR appeased the panting official who, several days after Pearl Harbor, brought him the news that Romania had declared war on the United States by asking, "Did you ever hear an ant fart in a windstorm?" But forget the perspectives—yes, there are grander crimes but perhaps none more endemic. John T. Noonan Jr., the learned federal judge in California, wrote a book the bent of which is that unless bribery is systematically attacked, the corruption distorts the whole wheel of a free-market economy and undermines related ideals.

It has always been a most attractive feature of sports that they are, so to speak, unfixable. Instantly one needs to enter the qualifications: If a heavy-weight fighter is paid to take a dive, a baseball team to play at a lower energy level than its best, a jockey to make just the wrong move, the sport is corrupted. But having survived some great scandals in sports, the public is by and large prepared to say that the man who came in first in the 100-yard dash is the fastest man in the world.

Along came what one might call the Salt Lake City Scandals.

Here is appropriate background matter in judging that situation:

—The Department of Com-



merce estimates that there were bribery arrangements involving more than 60 international contracts between May 1997 and April 1998, valued at 30 billion dollars.

The American goal has always been to get sister nations to sign on to a version of our Foreign Corruption Practices Act. Under the terms of the OECD's Convention on Combating Bribery, signatory nations are required to criminalize bribery of foreign public officials. Twenty-two of the countries that signed the convention 14 months ago have not yet implemented it, and they include France, Italy, the Netherlands, and Belgium. What's holding up the show?

Just after the bill was signed in 1977, I attended a seminar at which lordly folk listened to Ted Sorensen, former aide to President Kennedy, who explained the act and the need for it. The hundred (mostly) men in the room enthusiastically agreed. At this point a man rose from the floor. "Let me just ask this question. A hypothetical question. You are in . . . West Africa and a billion-dollar refinery is scheduled to open at noon the next day. It is a very big deal and management has brought kings and queens and things from all over the world.

"It's 3 o'clock and the telephone rings. It is the secretary of commerce (in the host country). He tells you that the opening may not proceed, because the certificate of ecological compliance has not been satisfactorily executed. You scream out that it ran through six lawyers and got their approval. Is there *anything* you can do?"

Waal . . . in tough cases like this you need to go to Dr. Angelo Bulkavi. He handles the very tough cases. You might, just might, catch him in; it's only 4:30.

"Which of you," he asked his lieges, "would have refused to put up the \$100,000 fee Dr. Bulkavi requested?"

Try expressing ambiguity with a show of your hand. Very interesting.

The requisite ensuing sentence in such a sequence as this is: There's never any excuse. But our own Department of Commerce informs us that bribery played a role in those 60-odd major international contracts in just one year.

A different approach is to insist that where sports are involved, we do right to swing over toward scrupulosity. True, it wasn't the event itself that was apparently fixed, rather the site of the event. Whoever wins those contests in Salt Lake can be assumed to have won them had they been held in Quebec. But of course the whole thing has become contaminated, as the whole thing became

contaminated during the Cold War when the Russians undertook a stuff-athlete program.

So let us hear about it and be guided by Judge Noonan's book.

Another Pass From Dartmouth

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 16

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE has for a dozen years attracted national attention, not only for its fine academic work and the achievements of its graduates, but because it is a groundhog of sorts, a kind of PC super-vane, which tends to advise us seasons ahead of anybody else what it is we're to do in order to be upright. Most conspicuous, at the beginning, was Dartmouth's idea that it was unconscionable to continue to use an American Indian as its mascot. That argument went on and on for years and still simmers, but for all intents and purposes the Indian is gone. There followed a long series of offenses, synthetic offenses, neo-synthetic offenses against race, color, creed, and sex; out of which rose a student weekly, *The Dartmouth Review*, remarkable in America for signaling the desire of a body of students to voice a conservative position in the clamor of liberal trendiness.

With the election of a new president, there were those who thought that the ideological offensive had ended, or at least slowed down. But last week Dartmouth announced that from now on single-sex fraternities would cease to exist. An announcement that categorical in character caught the attention of what in academic terminology are called the "Greeks." One learns from the ongoing commotion that, notwithstanding the tidal wave of coeducation, all-male fraternities continue gradually to expand. At Dartmouth one-half the upperclassmen are members and there are all-female sororities which, too, are to end.

In substitution for what? The usual things, expressed in the usual vacuities ("improved social spaces"). The single concretely phrased objective is to eliminate "the abuse and unsafe use of alcohol." In a longer statement, the president of Dartmouth announced that it was not his "fantasy" to make Dartmouth dry. You might as well fantasize making it empty. Both would happen at the same time.

The social routine at Dartmouth (we learn) is that the fraternities are always open, sponsoring two or three special par-

ties per month. Everyone who wants to come in, does so—with the single exception of first-semester freshmen, fresh-ladies, freshbraves, you take it from here. After that, they come in and if they desire to drink some beer, they go to the cellar of the building (there are about 20) where the springs of malt run headily.

Enter the term "binge drinking." It has only recently become a household term, and means drinking too much. But pollsters require definitions. Accordingly, it crystallized that a binge drunk was a man who had consumed five drinks at a single occasion or a woman who had consumed four. It was not, in the study, specified that these drinks should have been imbibed within a period of one hour or five hours. Many Dartmouth students, male and female, emerge from fraternities as binge drunks though their coordination is such as to permit them to walk over a tightrope while conjugating irregular Latin verbs.

Which does not mean that there aren't just plain drunks coming out of fraternities in Hanover, but does raise the question, Can you remove the drunks by removing the fraternities? Manifestly, the answer is no. At Dartmouth, a student caught wobbling on campus at night is given draconian treatment, much more severe than if picked up by local police. It can include a \$500 fine and commitment to spend time at an alcohol-abuse center.

There was considerable student protest when the ukase was announced. It is an interesting stylistic touch that it was given without embellishment: This is not a call to a plebiscite on the question, the president announced. There is a tradition for this in academic idiom. The president of Yale, 75 years ago, miffed that the student body had overextended the pew-holiday associated with the Junior Ball, announced after prayers at the morning assembly: "As for the Ball: There will be no Ball."

The settled thought of alert Dartmouth-watchers is that we have here not really a serious attempt to alleviate the plight of lonely freshmen, nor to hit back hard at demon rum. It seems more one further venture in the ideologization of life. Don't countenance situations in which men and women are formally separated. We won with the co-ed bathrooms, now let's go for unisex fraternities. And hang the whole thing on the binge-drinkers—blame it on them.

Dangerous stuff, because by such reasoning one might end by blaming binge drinking on Dartmouth.

—UNIVERSAL PRESS SYNDICATE

■ THE MISANTHROPE'S CORNER ■

FLORENCE KING

FLASH: Juanita Broadrick's story is "credible." That's the official buzzword and it has caught on like wildfire, allowing the media to believe Broadrick, doubt Clinton, and stay neutral, all at the same time.

After years of claiming to be "balanced" they finally are, but it's the kind of balance that has less to do with journalism than with the Flying Wallendas. Like the acrobat who knows his life depends upon emptying his mind of all distracting thoughts, the media will not risk their balance with an in-depth investigation of Broadrick. They would rather risk the wrath of the gods and be condemned to spend eternity perched motionless in the middle of the high wire knowing that to think is to die. (See Bulfinch: "The Myth of Punditeion.")

I'm used to working without a net so I've been thinking. Part of me believes Broadrick simply because I wouldn't put anything past Bill Clinton, but another part is skeptical.

First, her weeping. She sobbed and wiped but there were no tears to speak of, just two little wet spots at the corners of her eyes, the kind of moisture that comes from yawning. I believe she faked it, but for an entirely understandable reason: You're supposed to cry on television. Like the rest of us, she has seen countless shots of people crying, not only over their own troubles but over remote events that "touched their lives"—the kid needing a transplant waiting for the liver that never came, the asthmatic running the marathon with an oxygen tank strapped to his back, Princess Di. We live in the age of the teddy bear on the sidewalk; Broadrick knows it and tried to present herself accordingly, but it was a mistake. Tears don't last 20 years. Pride does, but icy dignity gets you nowhere in America, and besides, she isn't the type.

As for what happened in the room, I believe the part about Clinton pointing to the ramshackle jail as an excuse to sling his arm around her shoulders. He em-

braced Monica the same way in the now-famous ropeline shot, reaching around her to shake hands with the crowd until she just happened to be in his arms.

What I don't believe is her depiction of a tough, macho Bill Clinton in total control of the situation. It is abundantly clear that his nature is skewed sharply toward the feminine-passive. His gabiness and teariness are flagrant but there are other, more subtle signs, such as the platonic company he keeps. Male bonding holds no charms for him. Friends of Bill are legion but as a group they are androgynous—lots of little husband-and-wife sets to play with for a man who has no wish to be one of the boys.

He has never once used a sports analogy to explain a political position. Chalk talks are second nature to most politicians but Hail Mary passes, punts, bunts, and first downs have no place in Clinton's repertoire. His supporters

see this as evidence of New Age values, while his detractors see it as political correctness, but seen in context it more closely resembles a woman's instinctive disinterest tinged with resentment. His gross appetites notwithstanding, he has an overly fastidious side that comes out in his persnickety lip pursings, slow-motion lid lowerings, and dismissive little sniffs, which, when added to all the rest, makes him the most unmacho president since Benjamin Harrison.

Even if such a man were to commit rape, chances are it would not proceed with the Hun-like dispatch Broadrick describes because Clinton is President Clouseau, a Charlie Chaplin forever prat-fallen upon sexual hard times. This may be why America can't hate him. The person who misses his calling in life is always sympathetic, and Monicagate leaves no doubt that he could have been a legendary comic actor.

He could have played all the Big Lug parts of Jack Carson and Sonny Tufts. A W. C. Fields look-alike, he's got a red nose and an unflagging sunniness that would have made him perfect as Mr. Micawber, thriving on chaos and upheaval, at his best when everything is at its worst.

He could have transmuted his farcical private life into art as Chaplin did with an incident at a party: Flirting with a girl, he took her rolling hip movements and little squeals to mean he had aroused her, only to discover that he had backed her up against a hot radiator. This scene triggers instant visions of Monica because the kind of women Clinton goes for are classic comic foils. Add screwed-up pizza orders and wrong-number phone sex and the Big Creep, like the Little Tramp, could have had the world laughing with him instead of at him.

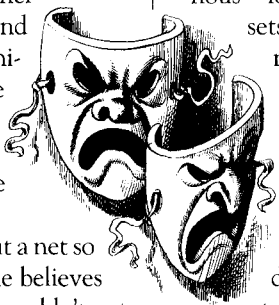
Rape is concentrated, coldly efficient, and grim, but a Clinton rape would resemble his foreign policy: threaten to send troops, start to send troops, recall troops, talk about troops, try another country.

The logistics of the alleged rape bother me: How do you "tear" pantyhose? Those things stretch. You can run them but you would have a hard time tearing them. Could Clinton, who has never done hard manual work, manage it with his small, pasty-white, graduate-student paws? Or did he use just one?

I believe he bit her lip, maybe as a means of sadistic control, maybe in the heat of passion, but what really riveted me were the sunglasses and the "Better put some ice on that." It was too Vegas, too citified, too against type, as if an urbane Unclinton had suddenly risen from the dead.

That's when déjà vu hit. He had turned into the rat in a Joan Crawford movie. Usually played by Zachary Scott or Steve Cochran, rats were always beating up Joan Crawford—or Ida Lupino or Ruth Roman—because she broke some sacrosanct rule of gun-moll etiquette such as falling in love with a rival gangster. When the rat found out about it he snarled, "You two-timing, double-crossing little tramp!" and let her have it. The manhandling scene ended in various ways; sometimes she was rescued, sometimes she shot him, but in one movie, as she lay bloodied on the floor, the rat walked calmly to the door and said, "Better put something on that eye," and left.

What was the movie? I can't remember and it's driving me crazy, but I bet that either Clinton or Broadrick saw it. **NR**



Miss King can be reached at P. O. Box 7113, Fredericksburg, Va. 22404.



PATTERN PULLS IT ALL TOGETHER

There's nothing like pattern to liven up your rooms. And with Milliken's coordinated patterns, you have options of wall-to-wall carpet, Rugets™ brand area rugs and decorative area rugs, so you can create tasteful combinations for a unique look throughout your home. Plus, pattern hides soil and wear, so it's the practical and elegant choice for your floors.



www.millikencarpet.com

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PONTIAC



Quality



CHRYSLER

You know them all by name. But in automotive circles, some go by "North American Car of the Year." "Best Buy." "Top Car." "Truck of the Year." And "Best of What's New," to name just a few. In fact, 1998 GM cars and trucks were recognized with more awards than any other automobile company in America.* Recognition that included the 7 out of 10 GM owners who last year returned to buy another GM, creating the highest loyalty in the industry.** Which is why it shouldn't be hard to recognize the quality cars and trucks of '99. Just check out the names on the left.

*Based on October 1998 survey by S.M. Brown Automotive Marketing.

**Based on R.I.C.'s statistics for household loyalty to a manufacturer for the 1998 model year.

GME



General Motors

people in motion

www.gm.com